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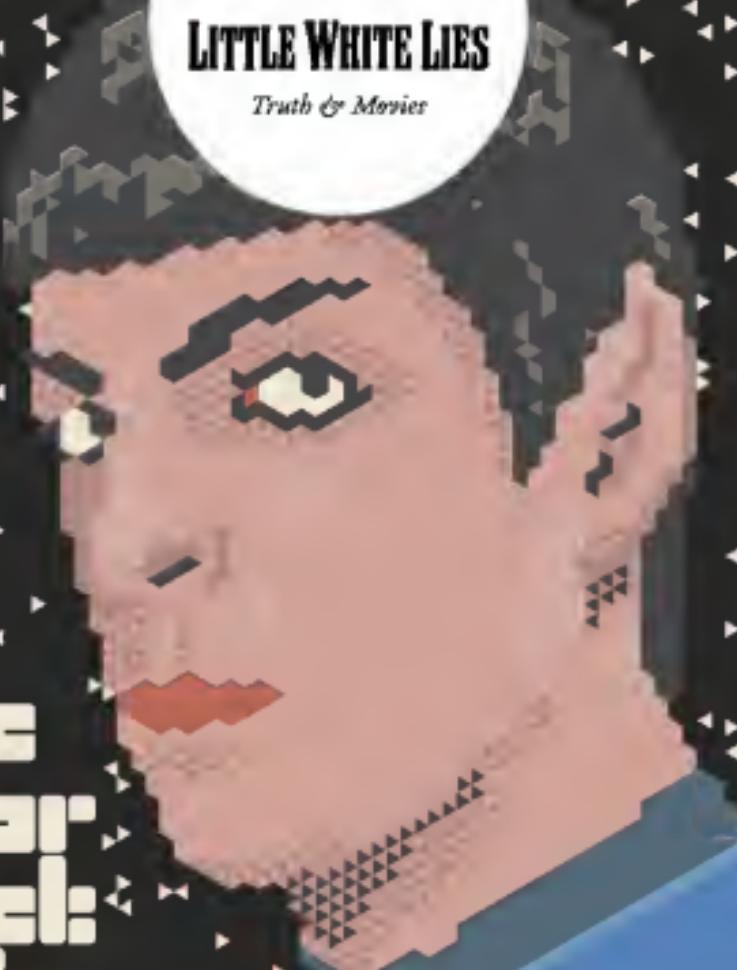
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Truth & Movies

**The
Star
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Issue**





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chapter one

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REVIEW
BY

STAR TREK
TIME



JJ ABRAMS' FRANCHISE REINVENTION IS
STAR TREK, JIM, BUT NOT AS YOU KNOW IT

By:

"HANDSOME BUT LIVED-IN, PINE LOOKS LESS LIKE A CARDBOARD JOCK THAN A HOTSHOT WHO'S GROWN UP HITTING THE BOTTLE, THE BOOKS AND THE GUY NEXT TO HIM."



Czuch's crewing past space debris, photon fire and blinding starships, we are sent hurtling headlong into a Star Trek universe — just manna for baby James Tiberius Kirk is too. Blasted out of the womb just as he's blasted out of an escape pod, Kirk will never meet his father, who single-handedly crash-contains the decommissioned USS *Kitty Hawk* in Hornisse's attacker to save his newborn son.

But, briefly and crucially we do meet Kirk. Star Trek's steady no-academy that Abrams sends a Starfleet captain to an explosive, hero death in the opening scene. It's movie like a symphonic passage. More like a mission statement. More than Bond or Batman, Abrams' *Star Trek* is a musical franchise rebirth — as bold as its title.

Speed and style are what Abrams pumps into the heart of Gene Roddenberry's sci-fi saga. He barely lets the credit sequence cool-off before

we warp forward a decade to find that Kirk is his father's son. To the soundtrack jingle of the *Brave Little Toaster*, our wild child Kirk joyrides a sports car across the lawn飾 with a poison horseshoe in his posse.

We swing again past Kirk's teen years. Because we are there all in Chris Pine's face. Headstrong but level-in. He looks less like a headstrong jock from The Hills than a honcho who's grown up having the bottle, the books and the guy next to him. He's been slapped by a lot of women and screwed a lot more.

Coddy, impulsive and embarrassingly likable. Pine's Kirk will *Good Will Hunting* — a genius-drooper, lost boy rebel without a cause. Destiny wants for him as Starfleet. His interview involves being dragged drunk and bloodied out of another bar brawl after a fumbled pass of *Ultimate*. ▶



**"IT'S MAVERICK
KIRK'S MIRROR-
TWIN RIVALRY WITH
ZACHARY QUINTO'S
ICE-MAN SPOCK THAT
GIVES STAR TREK ITS
GRISTLE. BOTH ARE
BRUISED FRUIT FROM
BROKEN
ROOTS."**

(Zoe Salton) Agun, Ahura just has the fast-forward button to assemble the Enterprise crew at Starfleet Academy. Karl Urban's grunting "Bones" McCoy; Anton Yelchin's quizzical Chekov; and John Cho's acid-tongued Sulu all shone in spiffy, colourful inter-

But it's starved Kirk's mirror man rivalry with Zachary Quinto's ice-man Spock that gives Star Trek its grit. Both are bruised fruit from broken roots, both as played to perfection by Pine and Quinto. Kirk lives in the shadow of a father who was a captain for 12 nations and saved Bob Buns – but was never a part of his son's life. Spock's human mother is his only亲生母, but maybe his greatest strength. Deadlocked in a silent struggle between his emotional/logical DNA, Quinto's Spock is another prodig

He aced the Vulcan Academy, and then snubs them for referring to his human mother as a "disadvantage."

"Who was that pretty snooty human?" asks Kirk when they first butt heads at the Academy. We almost forget to mention Star Trek's funny: "Hey funny. Comedy is Ahura's big, big card," with Pine's comic timing coming on even when the humor is broad as a planet. Bones causes Kirk a hand to swell to Gondor-esque proportions. Chekov makes his career say "Wilson! Wilson! Pigg a Scomy – stinkin' accent! brilliant line delivery – is accidentally beamed into a grid of Willy Wonka-style water tubes. Even Quinto broadishes a few fingers. "Out of the chair," he says firmly, as Kirk slumps casually on the captain's seat.





That would be the other thing we forgot to mention. In *Absolution*, Kirk is captain of the Enterprise. Writers Roberto Orci and Alex Kurtzman shake up the franchise with some familiar andus revelations that will have hardcore Trekkies gnawing their teeth, while still keeping its grand heritage safely at touching distance. Don't worry: the guy in the red suit still gets a bad Rossi and Scully splatter answer like: "Doctor, man? I'm a doctor not a physicist!" Or: "I'm giving it all the a go, captain!" Vulcan nerve-gaps show stars, spatial teleportation... The to-salute and nod are all there like Uhura isn't Kirk's babe, this time.

Cleverly, in just the kind of concert that was beamed: casually into the Trek TV shows on a weekly basis, Orci and Kurtzman work their alchemic

magic in as a plausible plot point. What they do is come up with much of a story to go with it. Sketching together a line through time about planet-eating black holes and some MacGuffin and matter... their script gives Eric Bana's rogue Flotilla thing little to do except snerk and snarl.

Shame, because a great villain would have added depth and drama to the dynamics of that a-bureau young-cast. More balls than brains, the film loses its heading on a couple of occasions, chiefly when Kirk is dinged on an ice planet (now that a caught or a "Horn"?) to be chased by B-movie monsters and discovered by a much talked-about guest from another reality. It's the one moment when *Absolution* dares you to recall badness on his movie. Then, brilliantly Kirk does it himself. ➤





But mostly, there's no time to notice the space effects, no space to argue the time-offs. Because as much as this is a Star Trek movie, it is a J.J. Abrams movie. Which means it moves. The truth is that few moviemakers in Hollywood can direct action scenes. Abrams made his big-screen debut by turning *M. (1971)* into the longest most long-hauling action scene in modern cinema.

He stacks action upon action, firing them together like Legos built into one giant superstructure glued together with adrenaline. Think Carrie's Ethan Hunt crashing out of a skyscraper window down, struggling with perspective, smashing through a window several stories down, coming to rest on a breakfast table in front of a quizzical junior being dragged back out by a gust of wind, crash landing in a busy highway and chasing a stolen capsule in a roll between speeding traffic.

And the space-stunners and phaser fights. Star Trek's classic, always action-packed arrives as another dazzling base-jump. Kirk and Sulu freefall

from outer space, trailer through Wilson's orbit, narrowly avoid innumerable, go hand-to-hand with Romulan brutes on a drill platform in the sky, then survive another freefall to the planet surface – this time without crates.

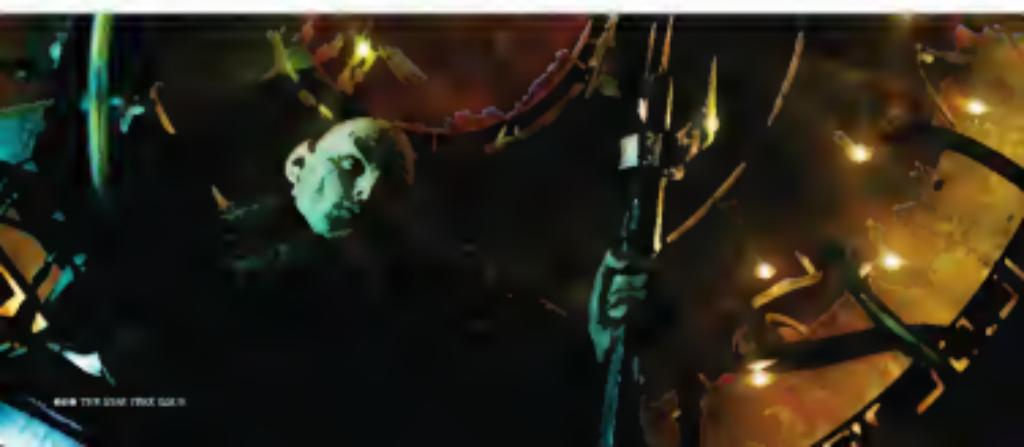
Kirk gets his teeth as he falls in a blur towards the ground. Chakotay scribbles at the teleporter controls back on the Enterprise. Spock tries to issue his house planet from oblivion. Star Trek used to be slower. But it was never this fast, fresh and exciting. *Jonathan Cocker*

Anticipate *Star Trek* opens at 10.15pm on 28 June. **●**

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ENJOY: www.ew.com/topic/241 for an interview with Star Trek director J.J. Abrams



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SEEK OUT STRANGE
NEW SCI-FI
EXPERIENCES, TRY
BOLDLY CHECKING OUT
THESE ALTERNATIVE
SPACE ODDITIES.**



THE MAN WHO FELL TO EARTH (1976)

WATCH IT **Stream**

David Bowie—the�nimal apes than Men—is magnificently toro in a minor sci-fi role as an alien from Mars, a follower to Devil-Lord Khan. Rape, his retribution, the song of an angelic refugee who comes to Earth under cover of his planet, only to be persecuted and eventually consumed by our world, a simple and timeless epicness. It's a classic piece of pure filthiness that also peers into the heart of human nature and ultimately universal darkness. It's the best perfect, brutal, un-entertaining period piece of the year. Check out the original trailer and make it more year.



PRIMER (2004)

WATCH IT **Stream**

Though easily seen as an art film, *Primer* is actually one of the most unusual sci-fi oddities that's still present just about everywhere. Along with a degree of weirdness, it's turned into a cult for discerning film nerds who tolerate open, if sounding like a lame modality, titles as raw noise from the world of Claude Lévi-Strauss. Robert Rodriguez's script is an absolutely plausible possible about the trials of developing one's own form of power. Despite playful and occasionally low-budget, it's one of the most intriguing sci-fi stories since *Dark Star*.



THE LAST STARFIGHTER (1984)

WATCH IT **Stream**

The greatest extraterrestrial movie of all time! Alan Alda (from *Guilty Pleasure*) is the journey from a under-pain-to-misery-over-wear. Stuck in the middle of Redville, Alabama, Alda spends his morning passing around and the afternoon on roads outside outside the local town. One night, he's approached by Captain Robo-Face, who will also use the word "sophomore" in regular-movie-speak and he's being assigned to save an alien from destruction. Out of the purest filmic intent, the *Last Starfighter* turned the stage into a video game come to life with the impact it deserved. It's included a cultish best. *Armageddon*, provided the perfect excuse for that one-woman girl. After all, if it could happen to Alda...



FANTASTIC VOYAGE (1966)

WATCH IT **Stream**

True and *Alton* (from *UFC*)! Elementally grandiose, Richard Matheson's *Fantastic Voyage* broke the usual physical boundaries of cinema. It's a psychological, biological, and physical journey into the depths of the human body, while some Russian scientists (Dr. Reeves, Dr. Arnall, Dr. Tandy) bring the *White* with the source of their life to that area. The before-the-cut set. It's also a short and fast to execute. Forcing CIA agent Dr. Mark (Cirrus) to enter the body as a microscopically-tiny human (Mr. Invisi-Man) to deal with a virus that's taken over the body but is also a virus for the Man—the government's spuds lighting, cancer, etc. The *Fantastic Voyage* is beamed to an absolute destination.



LA JETÉE (1962)

WATCH IT **Stream**

Checkin' in at 94 minutes, *Chris Marker's La Jetée* is one of the most influential short-film masterpieces, and also a cult-classic. Story: Citizens of a future length-in-memoria, *Reefat* (Monsieur), Composed mostly of black-and-white film, the film follows a man of *Mark* (Mark) who journeys through time and finds through dream-logic in order to prevent tidal flooding of his home. In this case, a brief sand-dam on the human condition, apparently disrupted, but when flooding is imminent that's when some decision-making comes into play. *Marker* did so well the soul of a poet.

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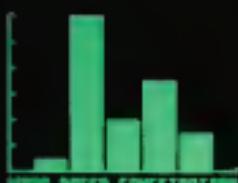
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Edwin:

What is it you love about movies?

Ahmed:

I think that, you know, the first thing that comes to mind is that I love the hyper reality of them. What I mean is, my favourite movies are movies that create a relatable world; a reality that doesn't have to look exactly like mine, but is one that I believe in and I connect to it because of the behaviour, and then thrust the characters into situations that are just... that even though they might be terrifying, you somewhere deep down either wish would happen or, as a cautionary tale, they challenge you to wonder what you would do if they did. And that, to me, is sort of what movies do, you know, again and again.



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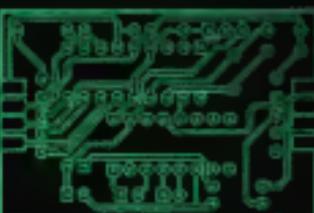
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the big bang

WILLIAM SHATNER ON THE UTURE

LWLYES SPEAKS EXCLUSIVELY TO JJ ABRAMS, THE DIRECTOR AT THE HELM OF A NEW STAR TREK ENTERPRISE. WORDS BY MATT BOCHENSKI



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Over 40 years, six iterations, 10 films and hundreds of millions of dollars, J.J. Abrams' re-imagining of the Star Trek universe all hinges on his vision. 'The movie was not made by a group of people for whom Star Trek was the end-all,' he reveals. 'Our mission was that we wanted to make a movie that our wives would love.'

There's no bigger gig than Star Trek. James Bond might be the largest franchise by numbers, and Star Wars the cultural touchstone, but no other series is loved as obsessively, as intimately and as passionately as Gene Roddenberry's epic. Created in 1966, the year after President Kennedy called for 'a new American enterprise in space', and a mere three years before Neil Armstrong's giant leap for mankind, Star Trek embodied the hopes and dreams of a generation.

'The great thing about what Gene Roddenberry created,' says Abrams, 'is that it was an optimistic view of our future. It's not a long time ago in a galaxy far, far away! This is a vision of us.' Star Trek was the serious gen's programme of choice, a television show with one eye on the future but both feet planted firmly in the here and now. What other series had its corpus parsed by science advisors, or gave birth to books on the politics and religion of its fictional Universe? Combined with science, metaphysical romance and a progressive social agenda, it resonated in an age where America batted the 'evil empire' of communism for supremacy of the stars.

After the heady success of the Robert Evans era, in the 1960s, it was Star Trek (and Eddie Murphy) that kept Paramount afloat. Enter the '80s, however, and the franchise became less and less bold, struggling to go anywhere that it hadn't been before. After a decade of diminishing returns – financially and creatively – Star Trek finally ran out of steam. Mereus was

reduced to global indifference in 2002, while the first series, *Enterprise*, was cancelled by CBS in 2005.

At the same time that Star Trek floundered, Abrams' own career hit warp speed. The son of Gerald, a successful TV executive, and Carol, an award-winning producer, the business was in his bones. The common image of Abrams is the Hollywood hotshot who exploded into the big time with the *Int'l* show *Alias*, before cementing his reputation with *Loose* and putting his big screen bow with *Mission: Impossible 2*, the most expensive film ever made by a first-time director. But that's only part of the story.

A budding writer and musician, Abrams has been working in the industry since he was 18-years-old. He wrote music for sit-coms like *Don Doherty's Neighborhood*, had his first screenplay developed while still in college, sold the script for *Former Young* for \$2m, and was one of the writers who worked on *Armageddon*. If Abrams is now one of the most powerful figures in Hollywood – producer, director, writer, composer – it's because he's earned it. He's no overnight success, but a harbinger of a seismic shift in the power structure of Hollywood, away from the old industry players towards a new breed of tech-savvy, TV-educated visionaries in touch with their inner geeks. Abrams is the new 'New Hollywood' icon.



All of which is a way of saying that when the franchise came calling, Star Trek needed him a hell of lot more than he needed it. And what's more, everybody knew it. In the past, the keepers of the franchise were 'concerned simply with maintaining their fan base', making models 'with a conscious effort to keep the clubs closed.' This time it was going to be different. Because although he was born in the same year that Roddenberry created the show, Abrams ➤

**“THIS MOVIE IS
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"YOU DO A MOVIE LIKE STAR TREK AND IT COMPLETELY FCKS WITH YOUR WHOLE APPROACH TO FILMMAKING."

has no special affinity for the franchise. More than that, he's on record as saying that he was never really a fan. "I didn't even realize that Spock was half-human," he admits.

Twenty years ago, this wouldn't—couldn't—have happened. But with its cinematic reputation in tatters, with its legacy and legitimacy in doubt, Star Trek had nothing left to lose by looking beyond its limited horizons. Forget the first (boring), what the franchise needed was a new director.

Abrams signed on as a producer, hiring writing buddy Alex Kurtzman and Roberto Orci to produce a script that appealed to his own sensibilities. "For better or worse, I knew that I wanted to make sure that this Star Trek had a level of roller coaster fun that I had never seen in a Star Trek movie before," he explains. "For the first time, we had the resources and脚本 technology to realize the promise of that universe."

As soon as he saw the final draft, Abrams knew that his involvement with the project was going to change. "Once we had a script for it, I realized that we had succeeded and that we would have been miles, miles away from the existing *Avatar* and *Cold*. While I had the opportunity, I thought that directing this movie was something I should do."

Not everybody agreed. There was the inevitable skepticism among the fan community who had waited seven years for a new film and didn't want it ruined by a director who couldn't tell a headline from a continuum oxygen. And there was the strained reaction of William Shatner, who let Abrams a series of messages on YouTube complaining about being left out.

But they were the old world and this was the new, as Abrams never seems to get tired of

reclaiming. "We were not going out there to say, 'Let's make a movie for that one [group] who is a huge fan of Star Trek,'" he says. "To make a movie for that group is an exercise in myopia."

In fact, no on-message has Abrams been about how he's coming at this from a non-fan's point of view, how he's in danger of sounding like a one-issue-fixating campaigner than a committed creative. And with good reason: Paramount is betting the future of this franchise (they don't have much choice—Orion Works came most of the profits from *Transformers*, while the *Massive Approach* cash cow ended with Tom Cruise's *Death* meadow), and they know that they won't make the mega-blocks they need from Trekdom alone.

But there's a creeping sense that Abrams has been problematically too much—performing a kind of paternistic design control rather than operating from the heart. "Sometimes the truth can sound like manipulation," he argues when this is put to him. "You can do a lot of this for the simple fact that I didn't grow up a Trek fan, and certainly I don't think that marketing art is necessarily the greatest thing everywhere. It would have been far wiser not to say that and not to talk about it. But I gotta say," he adds, "I think that whatever it is, whether it's something as trivial as entertainment or as important as politics, I think when you speak the truth, people feel it and they know it. This movie is one that, for better or worse, was directed by someone who did not grow up a fan of Star Trek, didn't quite get hired always felt that there was a more exciting and thrilling and emotional story to be told."

But with no much history behind the franchise, is it even possible to restart Star Trek from scratch? Just look at the casting of Leonard Nimoy, who's nothing if not a throwback to that era—erage—the very one that Abrams professes to be rejecting. "The reality is that we had an opportunity to make a movie that stands on its own, [but these are] all of the existing license ➤

in the series and the films that our insularity. So not to live that would be ridiculous," he argues. "It wasn't about being bounded by this fractured, non-functional alienness that we had to wrestle with and ultimately try and apologise for. Quite the contrary, it was life with potential." On the subject of *Almoy*, he's equally uncomplaining: "To use him in a wonderful, wise, mentor role felt like a sensible way not just to acknowledge but prove the films from which this was made, and at the same time, if you look at the movie, you've never seen *Star Trek* like this before."



The clearly a balancing act for Abrams, but some things remain beyond his control. Not least the fact that he's launching this new enterprise in a vastly different climate than the age of optimism that greeted Roddenberry's original series. With the fall of communism, the space race became a relic of history – an impulsive proxy war fuelled by ego and ideology. The 'idea' of space is something very different today, just another adjunct of corporate culture, populated by TV satellites and similar junk. What place is there for *Star Trek* in this cynical world?

"The idea of 'space, the final frontier' is a cliché," Abrams acknowledges, "and things that are as familiar and ubiquitous become inevitable after a while and taken for granted. But if you actually stop and consider what that means, you know, to boldly go where no man has gone before, that idea is actually really exciting and thrilling."

Abrams, at least, retains an almost poetic sense of the possibilities of space travel, and of *Star Trek*: "I just think there's something that is remarkable and inspiring and thrilling and terrifying about that prospect, and it is only our lack of technology and experience that allows us to feel safe and unquestioned to actually

explore the ramifications," he enthuses. "But that's one of the things that *Star Trek* did, and now continues to do, which is embrace the very real possibility that one day we are going to be able to go far beyond what is familiar and, hopefully, be boldly."

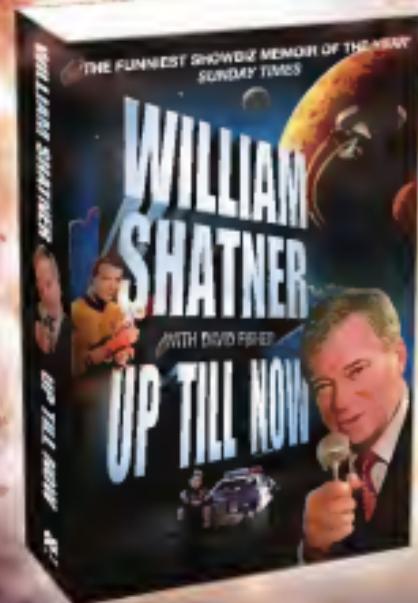
In the final analysis, that boldness is evident in *Almoy* too. It's a grand vision of a world – a universe – painted in mud, hum and strong dynamics. Like so much about the project, though, it didn't come easily. "It's a do a movie like *Star Trek* and it's exemplary how with your whole approach to it, it's amazing," he laughs. "Typically, you know, an establishing shot in a building, an exterior it's a city – in *Star Trek* it's a planet. You have to fundamentally change the way you consider orienting the audience."

The result is a future that is new and broadened – a new example of a world whole. The blade, Russell's or Almoy's, feels fully and richly integrated into the one that we know. And that's because Abrams was influenced not just by the exciting spacescapes of *Star Wars*, but more down-to-earth elements, like the man works in Maine that inspired the shot of the Enterprise under construction.

Underpinning all of it, though – the grand vision, the stunning spacescapes, even the faintly disconcerted and out-of-changes relationships with space itself – is the one essential point to which Abrams constantly returns: "We've seen so many space movies, no one's going to care about a space movie. That's not enough. And no one's going to care about a ship flying by – it's not a spectacular science anymore. But what people will care about are the people who are on the ship. So what I'm hoping is that as we move forward people will embrace this movie not because of what's come before and not because it takes place in space and not even because the effects are as good as ILM made them. But rather because the characters make you laugh, they make you feel and they make you ultimately believe." ■

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WHEN STAR TREK FINALLY SLIPPED FROM OUR SCREENS IN 2005, THERE WERE SOME AMONG THE 25 MILLION TREKKERS WORLDWIDE WHO REFUSED TO LET THE MATTER LIE. ONE FAN TELLS LWLIES HOW HE MADE THE JUMP FROM CONSUMPTION TO CREATION, HOW FANDOM HAS HELPED THE FRANCHISE, AND WHAT HE MAKES OF STAR TREK'S NEW RETRO FRONTIER. WORDS BY PAUL FAIRCLOUGH

I was the fourth viewer of Star Trek: the prequel, the prequel that detailed the earliest voyages of the legendary starship. But as ratings slumped, CBS pulled the plug.

While many Trekkies were outraged, the hardcore among them had a skin-like reflexion from Star Wars to Act. Measure (sic, hell), they lit the way with their own homemade movies.

Nick Cook took the demise of his Star Trek fan club as the cue to power down the VCR and get himself and his fellow enthusiasts off the rails and onto the very ever-fn set. Held back by his lack of money and time, particularly the high-end *Middle Earth* (it took two years, but with no knowledge of filmmaking and little in the way of acting experience, Captain Cook and his crew had created the first Star Trek: *Intrepid* episode, *Heavy Like The Crowd*), as he explains to *LWLIES*:



LWLIES: Fan fiction has been around for a while, how have fan films avoided some of the pitfalls of the written stuff?

COOK: I've never been a huge reader of fan fiction, I think when people put something on film is the practical aspect. It's very difficult for one person to say, 'Right, I'm going to do this thing myself.' To film, you need to get people who will act for you, you need prop, cameras, equipment, people who will edit and do lighting and effects – it's hard to source all these things.

How do you manage to fund everything?

Fortunately, most people involved are happy to donate their time, because if a project they have for doing, if it wasn't for that, we couldn't do it.

What's your view of the relationship that the fan community has with Star Trek's parent studios, Paramount and CBS?

Fandom seems broken into factions that love, hate or don't care about Paramount as long as they get a new Star Trek. I'm very grateful to Paramount and CBS – they haven't caused me any trouble, so I don't have any bones to pick with them even though I might disagree with some of their artistic choices.

Do you think that fandom has any influence on them?

I wonder ... Star Trek: *Phase II*, the big brother of all fan films, is very well known by the makers of Star Trek. They've had William Shatner and George Takei guesting on *Community* and *Community* and *Enterprise* Star Trek actor and producer Dorothy Hamza has written for them. They're very ambitious, and what they're doing is professional quality, so much so that their last film was nominated for a Hugo Award.

How did Star Trek come to have such an important role in your life?

I've never really thought about it too much. It's always been important, but the whole Star Trek thing has become a more dominant part of my life. The Star Trek thing is almost incidental – it's an old friend. If you want to make a film and you have a load of Star Trekkies around you, it becomes a lot easier than for one guy with a new idea. That common interest is probably the only reason we managed to finish it in the first place.

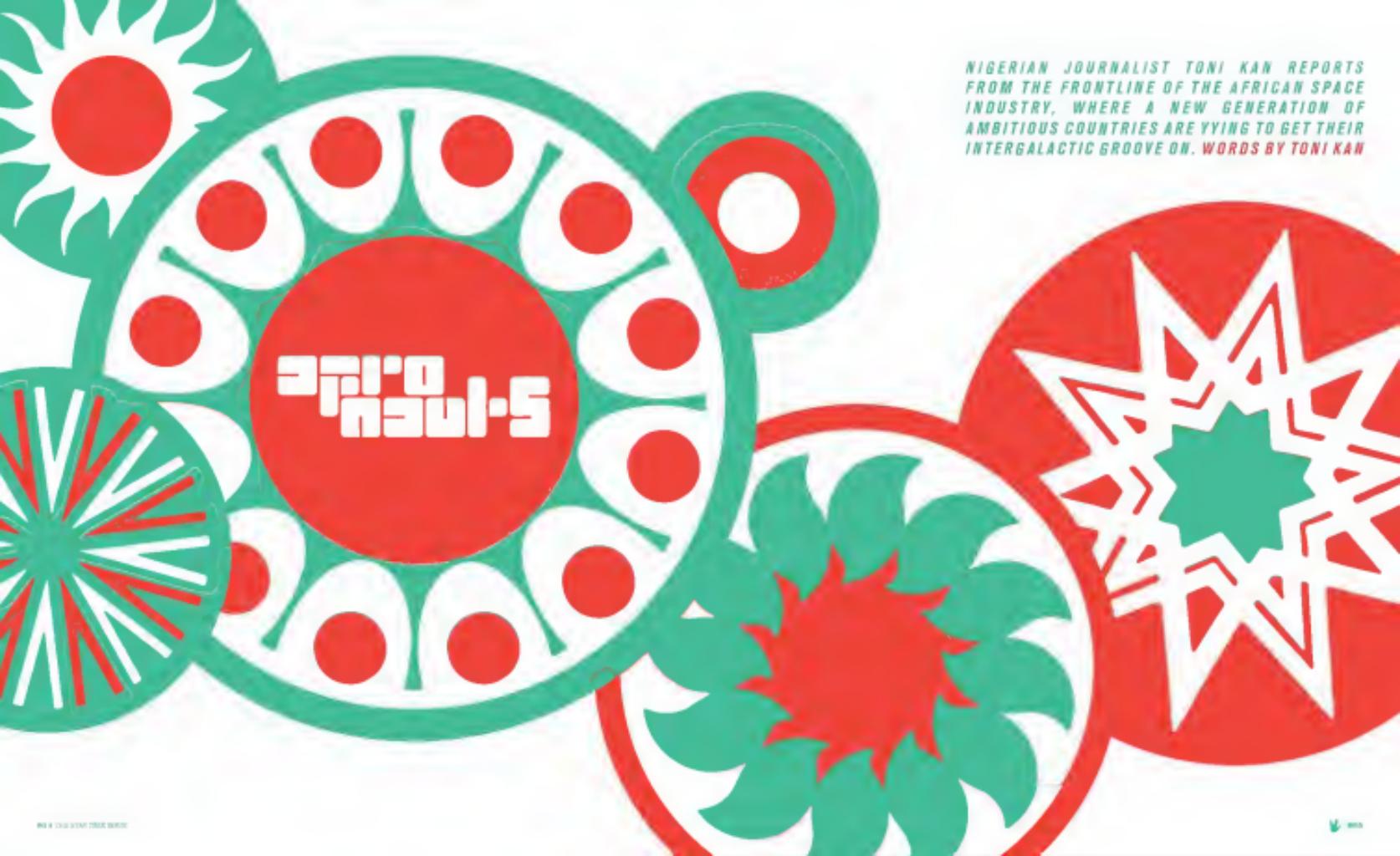
How do you feel about the new Star Trek movie and the idea that it's 'not for fans'?

I have mixed feelings. I know where they're coming from, and I can't blame them – Star Trek's earned itself an image as kind of geeky. I don't think that's entirely true, but it certainly became a niche show that's faded down over to a large proportion of the public. Trying to make it popular again and accessible is really what was needed. Would I have gone back to Kirk and crew? No. But I think JJ Abrams will do a good job. Chris Pine looks fantastic as Kirk – there'll be a generation who will remember Chris Pine as Kirk and not Bchner, which will be kind of weird. There was no way they could have made this look like the original series and had it well. I'm not sure about the whole alternate universe stuff, but I'm not going to judge.

What's more important to you, filmmaking or Star Trek?

The more important thing has become the storytelling experience – the ability to express my creative side. I love crafting a story, seeing it come to life. If I can do it in a Star Trek milieu, that's a bonus.

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NIGERIAN JOURNALIST TONI KAN REPORTS
FROM THE FRONTLINE OF THE AFRICAN SPACE
INDUSTRY, WHERE A NEW GENERATION OF
AMBITIOUS COUNTRIES ARE TRYING TO GET THEIR
INTERGALACTIC GROOVE ON. WORDS BY TONI KAN





Nigeria is exploring the boundaries of outer space for geopolitical reasons. This was a decision with roots in the Cold War and then as weapons as far back as the Song Dynasty, circa 1000 AD, but a war-fearing Russian space scientist Konstantin Tsiolkovsky, whose scientific equations helped build a rocket in 1943, who was in touch with the first theoretical description of lasers which might reach space as well as inter-continental missiles.

Footnote and 8-way renovated into space exploration really began in 1957, when Russia launched Sputnik 1, the first artificial satellite to orbit the Earth. It made the former USSR the first space power and showed what would become the space race, an almost three-decade battle for exploration supremacy between the United States of America and the Soviet Union fought under the shadow of the Cold War.

America launched its own satellite four months after Sputnik was blasted off, joining a two-satellite tag of two that would lead the US setting out on the first manned lunar mission. Launched on July 16, 1969, Apollo 11 marked Commander Neil Alden Armstrong and a fellow crew comprising Command Module Pilot Michael Collins and Lunar Module Pilot Edwin "Buzz" Aldrin, Jr. On July 20, Armstrong and Aldrin became the first humans to land on the Moon, with Collins orbited above.

Fifty years after the race to space began, Nigeria, Africa's most populous country, finally got in on the game when Nigeria-1, a low Earth orbit communications satellite for disaster monitoring, was launched on September 25, 2010, with a promise that the \$70m investment would help the country's economy and security, as well as monitoring environmental, urban growth and population, and power supplies, while providing space-based enhanced mapping and hydro-dynamic-aerogeophysics. The satellite was also expected to map significant foreign exchange from the commercialisation of the satellite station.

Nigeria-1 is one of five satellites that make up a network called the Disaster Monitoring Constellation. The other services in the international network are in the US, China, Algeria, Turkey, Thailand and Vietnam. Each satellite belongs to one country, but they will share information with each other when disaster monitoring is needed. The Disaster Monitoring Constellation satellites, which cost less than \$10m each, are built by a British-based company, Surrey Satellite Technology, which has also helped to develop some of the key technologies involved in the network. The processed images from the DMSC will be distributed to relief teams by the Nigerian National Committee.

The successful launch of the first satellite marked Nigeria's emergence as one of a new generation of African space powers alongside the likes of South Africa and Algeria, which launched their own space programmes in 1999 and 2003 respectively.

South Africa's space programme got off to a slow start when its government approved the establishment of the South African Space Agency in 2000, a body charged with the responsibility of driving the space programme,

while the Algerian equivalent was entrusted to the Algerian National Space Technology Centre.

While the space race between the US and the now-defunct USSR was a battle for national pride and military supremacy, the space race for Nigeria and other African countries is geared more towards technology and development, as well as (but however) a showcase of the capability of its science and communications technology and its capabilities in boosting GDP.

Commenting on the importance of space programmes to a developing nation like Nigeria, Chinedu Mba-Umehia, former Country Manager of Mikronet Nigeria, says, "I do believe that as a tool for socio-economic development, it is absolutely vital that we develop and pursue with regard, a space programme in the context of building and harnessing information and communication technology (ICT) to the national project.

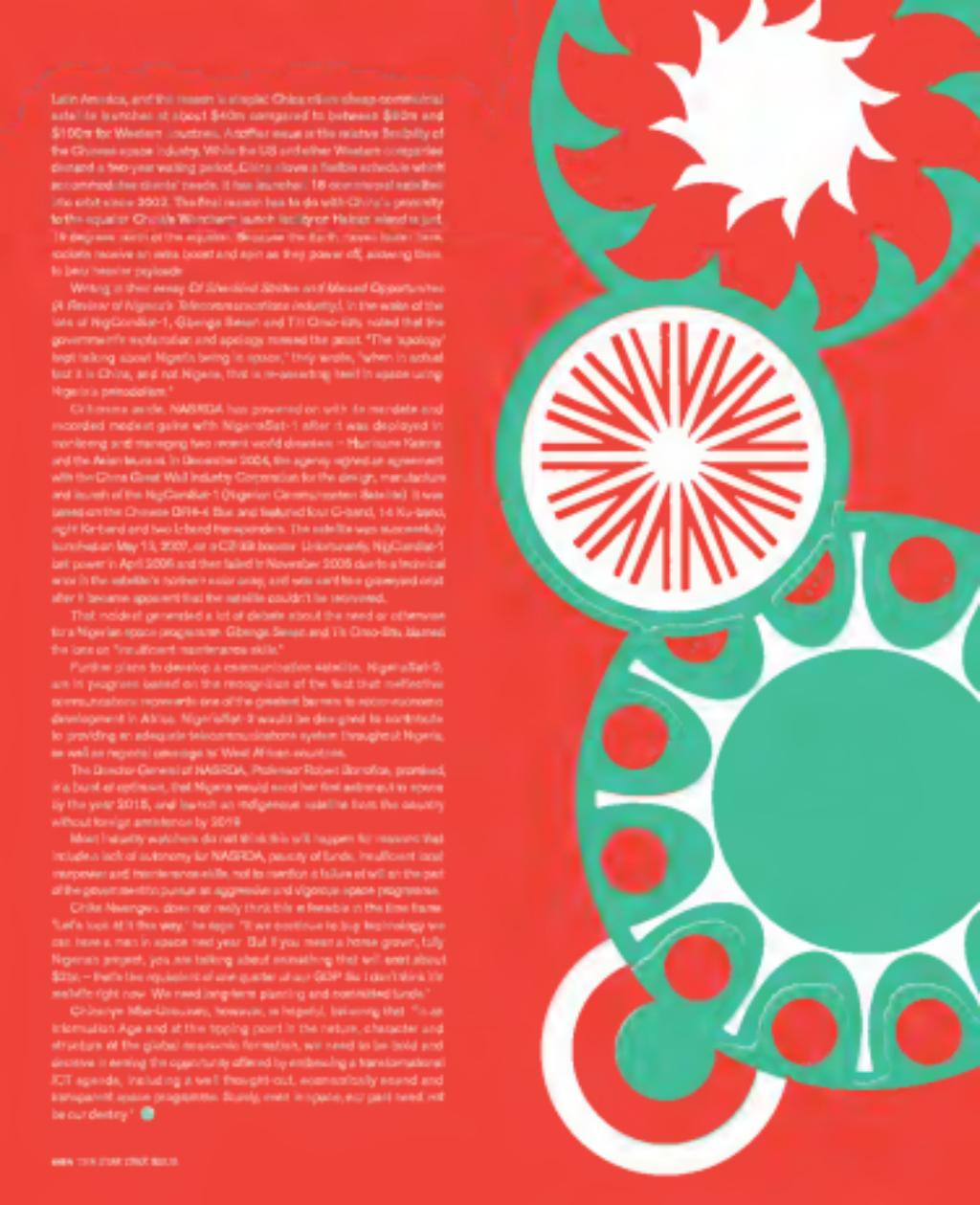
"There is no question in my mind as to the fact that ICTs are the single most important asset for any country in realising an enlightened self-government. ICT is not an option or even negotiable on a periphery of the components of the national economic equation."

Olusegun Nwagwu, MD of the technology and business consulting firm ICAP Nigeria, and member of the Nigerian Software Development Initiative, believes that a space programme is "available, but on the other hand you could say not. It's concerned in the sense that the primary objectives have not been met because of improper planning. And even now not focused on building local content but on laying technology from outside."

The Nigerian space programme was initiated by the National Space Research and Development Agency (NASRDA), which was established by the Federal Government of Nigeria. The administration also set up a National Council on Space Science and Technology to oversee the programme. To underscore the importance it attached to it, former President Olusegun Obasanjo appointed himself Chairman, while his Vice President, Abdulsalami Abubakar, was the Vice-Chairman of the council.

NASRDA was established as an agency under the Federal Ministry of Science and Technology with the primary objective of establishing a fundamental policy for the development of space science and technology. It was also set up to coordinate the activities of Space Research Centres in the country. The agency was reported to spend \$60m in the development of a space programme, with total funding spent over four years beginning in 2001, after which NASRDA was reported to generate its own revenue. It was also recently designated to have its centre, including one handling space transport and propulsion; a space command centre of the Nigerian Defence Ministry; and four space-related Centres for Space Science and Technology. The first of these, the Centre for Atmospheric Sciences and Astronomy (CASA), is located at the University of Nigeria Nsukka.

China's space programme has noted that while the South African space agency is a full-fledged government agency, NASRDA is no more than an adjunct of the Chinese space industry. And this is no surprise. China has become the major exporter of space technology to Africa, Asia and



Latin America, and the mission was simple: Chinese firms chose commercial satellite launches at about \$40m compared to between \$80m and \$100m for Western countries. Another issue is the relative feasibility of the Chinese space industry. While the US and other Western companies planned a two-year waiting period, China allows a flexible schedule which accommodates its clients' needs. If it launches 18 commercial satellites into orbit since 2002, the final reason has to do with China's proximity to the equator. Chinese Wenchang launch facility on Hainan island is just 19 degrees north of the equator. Because the Earth rotates faster here, rockets receive an extra boost and spin as they power off, aiding them to burn more payload.

Writing in their essay, *Oil, Disseminated Abilities and Missed Opportunities at Nigeria's Telecommunications Industry*, in the wake of the loss of NigComSat-1, Gibringi Saseer and Vito Ocio-Siles noted that the government's expansion and apathy missed the point. "The 'apology' kept talking about Nigeria being in space," they wrote, "when in actual fact it is China, and not Nigeria, that is re-asserting itself in space using Nigerian personnel."

On the same note, NAFRIDA has powered on with its mandate and recorded modest gains with NigComSat-1 after it was deployed in non-flying and managing two recent world disasters – Hurricane Katrina and the Asian tsunami. In December 2004, the agency signed an agreement with the China Great Wall Industry Corporation for the design, manufacture and launch of the NigComSat-1 (Nigerian Communications Satellite). It was carried on the Chinese CZ-4 Bus and included four C-band, 14 Ku-band, eight Ka-band and two L-band transponders. The satellite was successfully launched on May 13, 2007, at 02:00 UTC. Unfortunately, NigComSat-1 lost power in April 2009 and then failed in November 2009 due to a mechanical issue in the satellite's northern star sensor, and was sent into graveyard orbit after it became apparent that the satellite couldn't be recovered.

That incident generated a lot of debate about the need or otherwise for a Nigerian space programme. Gibringi Saseer and Vito Ocio-Siles James, the lone on "insufficient management skills".

Further place to develop a communications satellite, NigComSat-2, are in progress, based on the recognition of the fact that ineffective communications represents one of the greatest barriers to socio-economic development in Africa. NigComSat-2 would be designed to contribute to providing an adequate telecommunications system throughout Nigeria, as well as regional coverage for West African countries.

The Director-General of NAFRIDA, Professor Robert Oronkor, promised, in a burst of optimism, that Nigeria would send her first satellite to space by the year 2018, and launch an indigenous satellite from the country without foreign assistance by 2019.

Space industry watchers do not think this will happen for reasons that includes lack of autonomy for NAFRIDA, paucity of funds, insufficient and unresponsive and unintermittent skills, not to mention a failure of will on the part of the government to pursue an aggressive and vigorous space programme.

Chris Newenga does not really think this is feasible in the time frame NAFRIDA has set it at this very low key. "If we continue to lag in technology we can have a man in space next year. But if you mean a house, given, fully Nigerian project, you are talking about something that will cost about \$200m – that's the equivalent of one quarter of our GDP. So I don't think we realistic right now. We need long-term planning and committed funds."

On the other hand, Gibringi Saseer, however, is hopeful, believing that, "In an Information Age and at the tipping point in the nature, character and structure of the global resources framework, we need to be bold and creative in seizing the opportunity offered by embarking a transformed ICT agenda, including a well thought-out, democratically sound and transparent space programme. Simply, our space, our part need not be our destiny".

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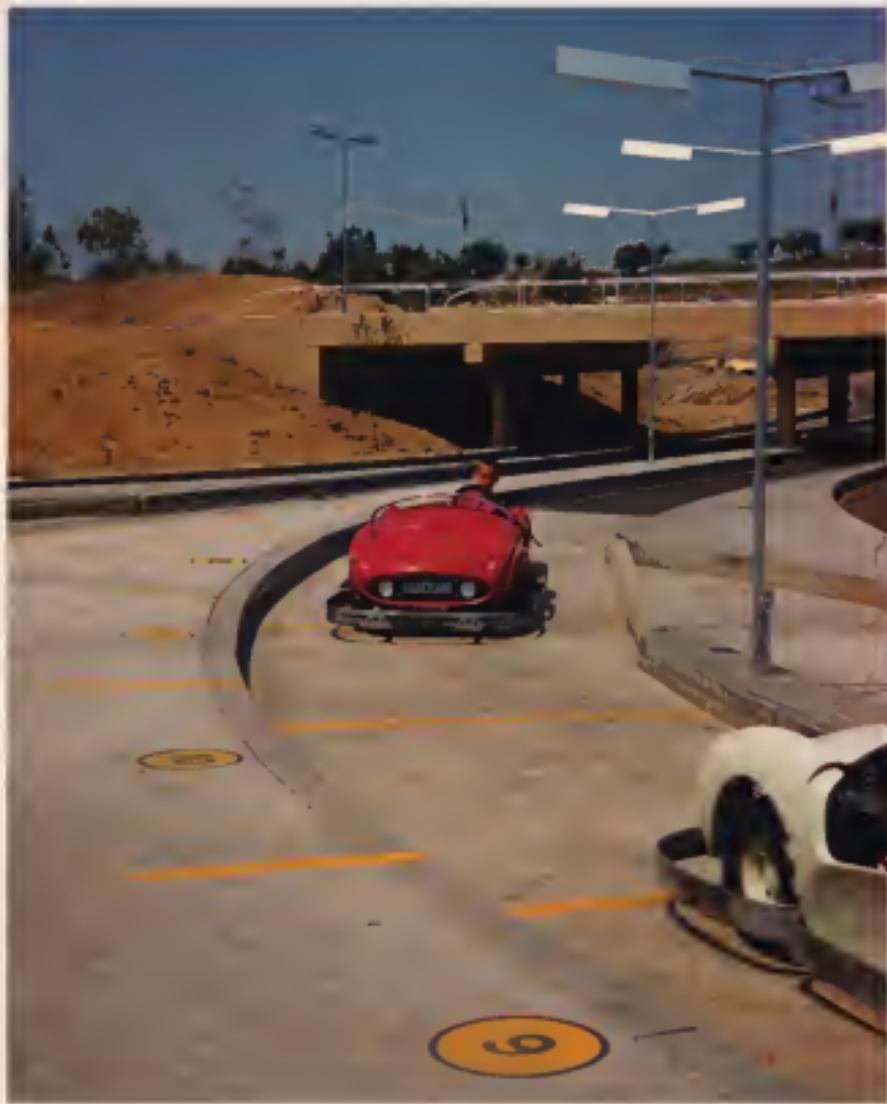
Elmwood presents 'The Space Shuttle' (costumes of the future) 1987



The Rocket to the Moon (a futuristic costume nowhere, the solar system, the future and 2000 km/s speed) 1987



The Matterhorn in Zermatt, Switzerland. (Photo by Alan G. and Barbara L. Ferguson, 1987)



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"A woman in a car with a man. (From *Wish*, 2000.)



"A quiet moment in the popular, romantic film *Wish*. (2000.)

FILM HAS A CHEQUERED HISTORY WHEN IT COMES TO ACCURATELY REPRESENTING OUR FUTURE IN SPACE. WE GATHERED A SERIES OF EXPERTS TO DISCUSS THE HEROES AND VILLAINS OF CINEMATIC SCI-FI, AND WHETHER SPECULATIVE SCIENCE WILL ALWAYS SUFFER WHEN TRANSLATED TO THE BIG SCREEN. WORDS BY ADAM LEE DAVIES



In its various incarnations, Star Trek has given millions of us their first glimpse of strange new worlds, offered an open introduction to wildly imaginative yet curiously practicable scientific advancements and transported all of us through an often-dismodern-normail odyssey of impossibly lenient space journeys.

With 11 Abrams' reboot of this enduring space serial upon us, LMV has invited some of the movers and shakers in various fields of science to share their expert opinions on the big bangs and dark matter produced when splitting the shiny atom of big-screen sci-fi...
Engage! and so forth.



THE AUTHORITY: DAVID DARLING

David Darling is the author of popular science books that have explored everything from the birth of the universe to the ongoing search for extraterrestrial life. He holds a PhD in Astronomy and maintains the award-winning website The Internet Encyclopedia of Science.

LWLM: How well have sci-fi films kept pace with emerging scientific concepts?

Darling: I think they've kept pace amazingly well, and in many cases have stayed well ahead of conventional science. Faster-than-light travel, parallel universes, machine intelligence and virtual realities have all been tackled in movies, often with great success. In some cases they've helped drive the science by envisaging new possibilities or inspiring the next generation of scientists and engineers.

Are there any films that manage to trade in hard science without doing so at the expense of the story?

Kubrick's 2001: A Space Odyssey still stands out as the film that got it right on regarding the environment of space and the physics of space travel. The scenario was uncannily right for a movie made before the first moon landing.

What scientific principles do sci-fi films most frequently ignore or misrepresent?

The first that comes to mind is *Armageddon*, 2001 was recent with the science of this, but the directors of other SF films have been unable to resist putting in the rounds of rocket wagons or explosives in space in an effort to liven up the action.

Which sci-fi films do you feel presents the clearest picture of future space travel or possible interaction with alien species?

Contact did a pretty good job of spreading credibly on our first meeting with advanced extraterrestrials and on how interplanetary travel might be achieved – not surprising since the novel it was based on was written by Carl Sagan with input from his physics buddies at Caltech. *Terminator 2: Judgment Day* was probably the best attempt to show how truly alien an intelligent ET might be. While *Alien* had a realistic – if stripped-down science! But a film would be pretty dull if it tried to be too accurate... scientists suspect that the highest form of life in most worlds is going to be microbes. Having said that, *The Andromeda Strain* managed to spin a suspenseful plot around microscopically invasive

Does your scientific knowledge ever impinge on your enjoyment of big-screen sci-fi?

Being a science nerd, I enjoy most SF films, from the old '50s classics like *Daybreak Earth* and *It Came From Outer Space* to 2001 and I have no problem setting off my credibility upscale. The fact that the universe probably isn't populated with Russians, Vikings and the rest doesn't mean I can't escape for a while into an alternative cosmos where they *do*.



THE ASTROPHYSICIST: CHRIS LINTOTT

Chris Lintott is an astronomer and astrophysicist currently studying the formation of stars and galaxies. He is a Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society and co-presenter of the BBC's *The Sky at Night* with Patrick Moore. ➤



Interstellar (2014)

LW/Lucas: Are there any films that you feel manage to successfully harness hard science to achieve narrative ends in an elegant way?

Lantos: It's natural to think of *Interstellar*. I think the thing that a handful of filmmakers to cope with is the fact that the odd time we want it to be able to travel faster than light – which is what it takes for astronauts to get anywhere. 2001 got a lot of the science of travel with light. More recently Denzel Washington got some things wrong, but it made the sun look magnificent just as it does in majestic scientific images.

Which scientific concept or theory has been most consistently abused on the big screen?

It must be the principle that nothing can travel faster than light. It's too tempting to want to break this Euclidean rule, but Einstein says it just can't happen. Feeling that, I gave a lot of money to get away from the idea that scientists always wear white coats.

What current scientific developments do you imagine will provide material for future films?

One of the most amazing things happening at the moment is the discovery of planets around other stars, we now know of more than 200 and we might only be a few months away from discovering the first Earth-like planet for

looking forward to seeing films set in real places, rather than made-up solar systems. Imagine knowing that around a particular nearby star there was an Earth-sized planet with liquid water and tons of life in its atmosphere. What stories could filmmakers tell us about that?



THE AUTHOR: ALISTAIR REYNOLDS

Alastair Reynolds is a highly successful British sci-fi author whose blend of speculative science and science fiction has few peers. He has a PhD in Astrophysics and has worked at the European Space Research and Technology Centre.

LW/Lucas: Your writing has been described as 'hard' science-fiction

Reynolds: I'm always asked about the 'hard' SF tag as I don't think it particularly describes the type of SF I find most exciting, but there's no doubt that I'd like to respect the science as much as possible. I find it as liberating as it is challenging. Sticking to a rule like 'no faster than light' opens up so many possibilities as it does.

Why do you think it's so difficult translating speculative science to the screen?

I don't think many people are that interested to be honest – least of all the people involved in hands-on filmmaking. Look at *Star Wars*, for instance – they made a big fortune about casting in a non-existent continent, but as far as I can tell none of their input had any measurable effect on what we saw on the screen. The *Lord of the Rings* movies were an over the top elaborate design that is very dramatically appealing and simply wonderful. *Blade Runner*, living dead bionics styled as a noir film, demanded an overabundance of often directionless illustration the dysfunctional space station that typified the movie's storylines as written by Philip K. Dick.

Is it possible for you to write a sci-fi film with a靠 suspension of disbelief or are you constantly aware of the science at play?

I just switch my brain off most of the time – it's easier that way. Most of the SF films I've enjoyed lately haven't really been hard in their intention or execution. My favorite of the last 10-15 years is probably *Dark City*, which I enjoyed for its narrative energy, but the science is dismal. My latest favorite would have to be the original *Wall-E* or *Avatar*. *The Solar* was pretty stupid, as was *Armageddon*, but those were enjoyable because in both

Are there any techniques that filmmakers have in their arsenal that you envy?

I feel that SF is at best no a written medium, but there are undoubtedly narrative devices that filmmakers can employ that writers can't really use in the same fashion. I often make use of multiple narrative strands, for instance. In a novel, it becomes too choppy if you cut between strands that aren't anything like that several paragraphs, even a short chapter, in length, whereas a director can cut away to another strand for just a few seconds – a guy in an office putting down a phone and saying, 'They've called the president' or something. Ultimately it's all about film being primarily a visual medium, and the novel being primarily an aural medium.



THE FUTURIST: SYD MEAD

Be it under the title of conceptual art or visual futurism, designer Syd Mead has worked on some of the most iconic sci-Fi films of all time. From *Star Trek*, *The Martian*, *Blade Runner* to *Aliens*, he has reshaped the iconography of the genre.

DL/Lucas: You've helped create some of the most fully realised futurescapes in sci-fi cinema. How do you begin visualising these worlds?

Mead: Movies are stories. Stories are to storytelling what the symphony is to music. Science-fiction stories are told in relation to their narrative time frame. Their styles visual base and filmic style. These stories take place in various imaginary worlds. That world needs to do some things that make our world recognizable – references, history, transport, enclosure. What better way to adjust familiarity to an alternate reality than to take real world experience into the story world at hand?

What are the challenges faced when translating hardware from the page to the screen?

The immediate challenge is to summarize what the story is about. Once I understand that I can start to invert the various props that the story requires. I have a degree in Industrial Design, which helps me to synthesize future manufacturing techniques and styles, enable the future film resulting designs innovative, innovative and visually logical.

How important is the look of a sci-fi film to its ultimate success?

I think the design of a movie's aesthetic and visual style has very much to do with a sci-fi's success. Creating the storytelling style is established the design complements that established vision. *Alien*, for instance, is a spook on extreme iconography enabled by early-80s video-game technology. The result is genius. *The Fifth Element* uses an over the top elaborate design that is very dramatically appealing and simply wonderful. *Blade Runner*, living dead bionics styled as a noir film, demanded an overabundance of often directionless illustration the dysfunctional space station that typified the movie's storylines as written by Philip K. Dick.

How has the recent surge of technology assisted sci-fi filmmakers to fulfil their visions?

I think it has made the movie-making process more accessible and allows image presentation that would have been impossible a decade ago. However, advanced techniques in creating special effects have nothing to do with the quality of the story being told or how it is told. You don't have to go very far to dig up the \$200,000 movie that a awful. Sci-fi movies are simply living, living dime-a-mile for SF houses. The story is totally measured in the process of producing a continuous string of eye-candy for juvenile minds. 

inSIGHT

NOVEMBER 2001

SINCE MAN FIRST STARED AT THE STARS HE HAS DREAMED OF THE CONQUEST OF SPACE. AND NOBODY LIVED THAT DREAM LIKE JAMES T KIRK, WHOSE CONQUESTS STRETCHED ACROSS THE GALAXY. TODAY, THE LEGACY OF THIS ALIEN SEX ADDICT LIVES ON IN THE TWISTED WORLD OF SUPERVERT. A UNIQUO COMBINATION OF INTELLECT AND DEVIANCE, VANGUARD AESTHETICS, NOVEL PATHOLOGIES AND BOTRÉ PORNGRAPHY, SUPERVERT IS A MONIKER, A CORPORATION, A SELF-CONFERRED BRAND NAME. PART DOUGLAS ADAMS, PART MARQUIS DE Sade, HIS (NERVITY) EXTRATERRESTRIAL SEX FETISH IS A CUTTING-EDGE SYNTHESIS OF FICTION, PHILOSOPHY AND FILM THAT FOLLOWS THE PERVERSE ADVENTURES OF AN INTERGALACTIC 'EXOPHILE' AND EARTHBOUND SEX PEST. READ ON WITH CARE... WORDS BY SUPERVERT

INDEX ABSTRACT

MOB OT ALPHIA
EXOPHILE



I was the abducent myth hawk, I had wings like a dragonfly and my body was surrounded by comets; suddenly I experienced articular wrenching and temporal distortion. I suffered this malady down on these two worlds in space, taking them and their flying eagles for medical examinations. Ptolemy from Polaris gave the rectus with metal instruments not designed for human bodies, gynaecologists from the Crab nebula inserted caustics intended for crab vagina, thus causing irreparable damage to earthly orifice – horribly, irreparable damage that disappears the next day, except for the psyche's wounds. Neptune however that agrees under hypnosis, 'killed' then the grey tail my mate with his tail, it was terrible. 'That's the right, a man myth, a myth that Mercury de Sade to Neptune about, though he's notorious when it's to assume. On the one hand, he probes the active audacity of trying to jam human into alien moulds. Mars XIII, for example, he compels to don a white body stocking, which he then wears in a green Bud Light Garbado. The idea is to make her a woman's Little Green Man – except that she's not really green, nor is she a man, except in the biological sense that she's human, which from the aesthetic point of Mercury de Sade is precisely the trouble with her. She is little, ergo a 15-year-old girl pulled up in the public arena of the Cheese Building, where a lot of high-reined kids hang out after school. He brings her brick to Green Isle, gynaecologist, sex her up, prepares to have his way with her – but Lord, that's smart. You must fuck a queen like? It's hard to convince yourself that the object – and she is an object – of your affections has from outer space where alien means (an alien instrument for alien fluid). It's like a lot of consciousness to put Anna Boyer at your head and concentrate on the girl to hand. The most part is that Anna Boyer was a great appearance of the hemisphere (Magenta), and yet Mercury de Sade was a result of North America as though she really were a Little Green Man – which is to say that he fucker her the way one man fucks another. It may not be a new notion, but, from the girl's vantage point, it certainly is a new sexual angle. >

INDEX ABS 15 BIMICRON ABSTRACT TIME WHORES

Mercy de Bode paused at a corner beneath the elevated rocket mill. Discarded lamps punctuated the dark, which had a gazing feel as though somebody had stamped out the sun with a muddy boot. The streets were desolate and empty until a rocket exploded by overheat in the reddish orange glow he was able to make out a homeless alien curled up in a dirty Tyvek blanket. On any other planet the alien would be drunk on cheap wine, thought Mercury de Bode, but on this one he has probably had his very last (poured out of him). The Omenian experiment was notorious for the short pleasure it offered, as also for the risks incurred by those who furnished both the supply and the demand. Sometimes it meant hours (or less) looking for his gear and was forced to huddle, briefest of violence before ever laying eyes on it. He was visited by male visitors, created by workers from Unruh, rolled out by bounty hunters from another world, robbed by pick-pockets with multiple arms like Hindu gods. At other times a man came here and tried to score on his gear – only to discover that this was worse than being killed in the pursuit. He would ingest stupid thoughts to give eternal life, learning too late that its equally eternal side effects were loud, pulsating buzzing in the brain. Or he would administer a pooping boy, but during the act the golden youth would turn into a Mauve-faced and eat his alive. It was only one man in a thousand who came to Omenon and walked away happy, but for the abominated and the possessed these were odds good enough.

Mercury de Bode put a coin in the payphone and dialed a numerical formula. A voice synthetizer answered, and Mercury de Bode punched in another series of numbers. While the computer processed the input, he inspected the insatiable graffiti written on the gravity wall behind the phone booth just in a thousand wind lingers, dirty inscriptions the idioms of Shiva and Rigel, contact information for whereabouts of the abominated. The computer soon beeped and announced a ready address.

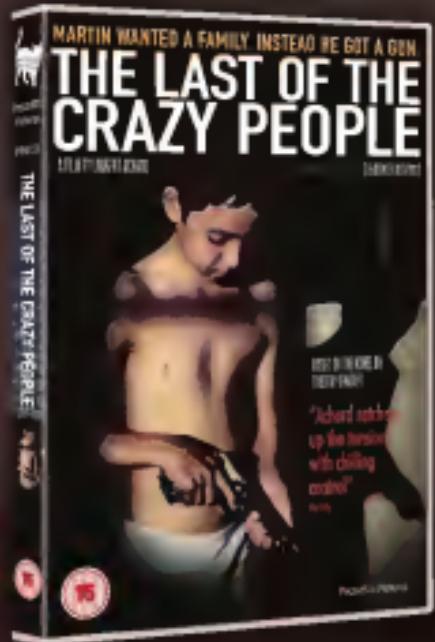
The most exotic, most dangerous look an planet Omenon was not simply to make love to an alien. It was to visit a tree where, here, a man could indulge in penetrations that were no longer bodily and hence spiritual. On Omenon there were temporal penetrations. A man could have sex with his own memory, or even with the entire past (his penises could penetrate words quickly, such as a person of no over-exposure, jump in and out of his partner and the man finds himself putting on his clothes during a purely cerebral process of forgetting and losing. Some libertines came to Omenon for the time (soil) equivalent of sexual tourism: they wanted to go back to the nineteenth century and live out a Toulouse-Lautrec fantasy: they wanted to go back to Ancient Greece to indulge burning pedantic longings, some even wanted to go back into the evolution of man so that they could come home to their deceased friends and long of having tasted the missing link. The most dangerous fetish of all, however, was to Fuck back into tree root. This ran the risk of changing the order of events in a man's life. Every old tree where could tell a story about some adventurer is a vagabond who fucked himself into non-existence by drifting around with his past: perhaps his death ended up at the beginning of his life, or his birth ended up at the end, so that either way there was a short circuit between existence and non-existence – in which case the life-tree would inevitably blow, resulting in complete genome blockage.

Mercury de Bode did not travel to Omenon for past issues, however. What he wanted was to fuck the future – to experience the last possible moment in the evolution of man before the universe exploded or collapsed or vacuums itself. He approached to the tree where what he was after, and did not haggle when also offered an exorbitant amount. She led him by the hand into a private cabine. They lay down together on a crimson, white tuft, and he inserted himself inside her. When he approached climax, neutron stars exploded beneath her eyelids. Anuska began to look like plastic, and point her rocks. Nipples became elasticies and brain liquified like molasses. He felt as though he had added himself to a great explosion already in progress: how liquified form, gaseous excretions forced into the sky, subatomic particles clutched in inorous embrace on orders too incomprehensible to perceive, and Mercury de Bode had only to press himself into these exploding congruence like a peanut into ball of carmine beans. However, this gave him no direct, penile pleasure. He sensed, rather, that his pleasure increased the general aqueous tides of the entire humping mankind, which then flowed back down to him in the form of multiplying strengthenings that passed through his body. I have wings, a seagull is also, he thought, I am everywhere, in everything. I sing with myself, grow with plants, flow with water, while with sound, alone with light. I penetrate each atom. Perhaps I am no longer even a man, he realized, but a single molecule of fuck.

MARTIN WANTED A FAMILY. INSTEAD HE GOT A GUN.

THE LAST OF THE CRAZY PEOPLE

(INTERVIEW WITH THE FATHER)



A FILM BY LAURENT ACHARD

BASED ON THE NOVEL BY TIMOTHY FINDLEY

Martin is not like other children. Neglected by his parents, he watches the extraordinary events that occur in and around the family home from a distance.

When his brother Didier discovers that his next-door neighbour and lover want to get married, all hell breaks loose and the family disintegrates, with terrifying results. Martin decides to take matters into his own hands...

Based on the harrowing novel by controversial novelist and playwright Timothy Findley, *The Last of The Crazy People* is like nothing you have seen before.

"Achard ratchets up the tension with chilling control" *Daily Mirror*

"Heartbreaking and shocking in equal measures...a gripping stand-out feature"

★★★★★ *Sunday Mirror*



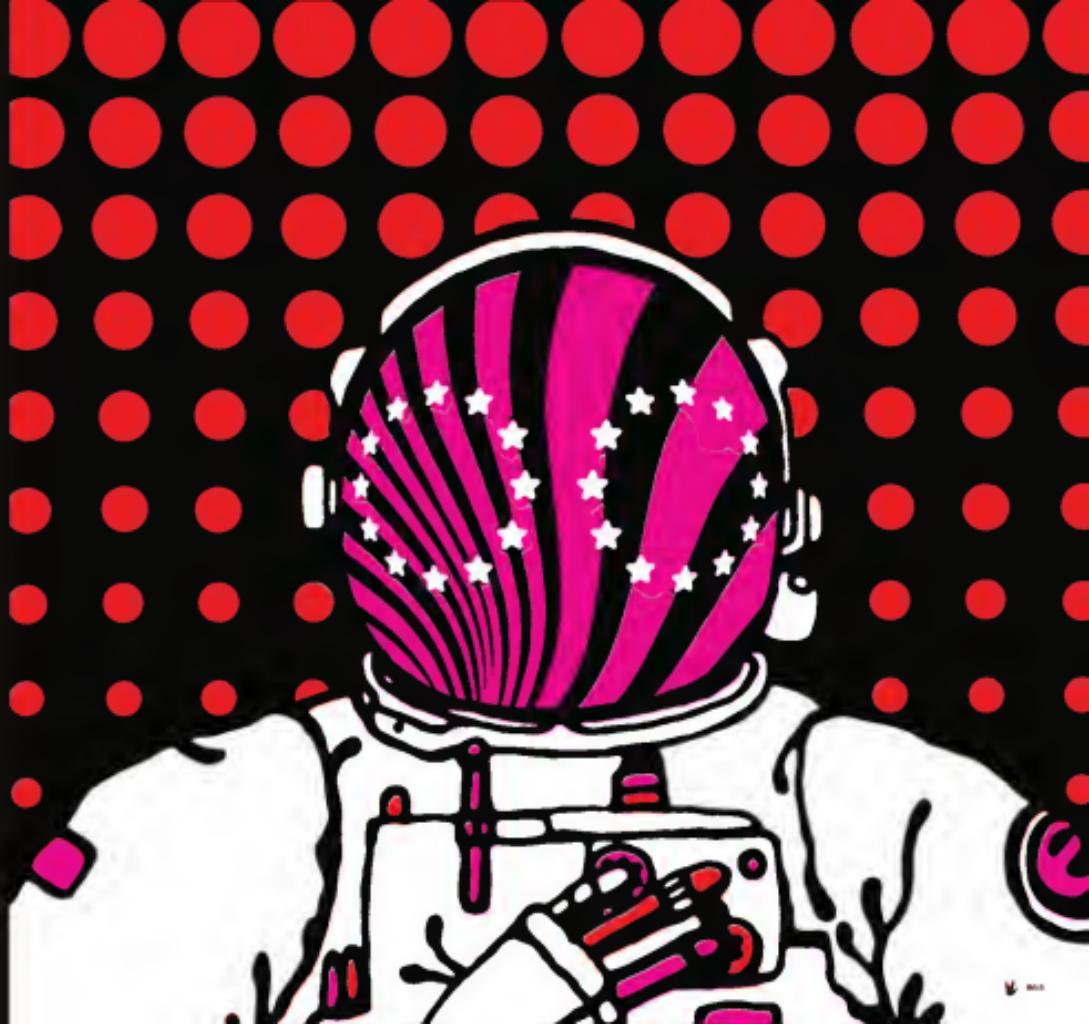
INTERVIEW WITH THE FATHER

AVAILABLE ON DVD 25 MAY

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stars in his eyes

ASTROBAUT JEAN-FRANÇOIS CLERVOY IS AT THE FOREFRONT OF EUROPE'S VERY OWN GALAXY QUEST. HE GIVES L'WEEK A WINDOW INTO HIS ASTONISHING WORLD. WORDS BY MATT BOCHENSKI





In October 4, 1985, the Soviet Union successfully launched the Sputnik satellite into a low altitude elliptical orbit. It proceeded when

(since known as the Sputniks), causing the shit out of America, which had bitterly assumed that it was ahead in the burgeoning space race. Congressman Cliff Booth Luce denounced the satellite as 'an intercontinental communications relay, is a decade of American pre-occupation that the American way of life was a global guarantee of our national superiority.'

But it wasn't just the US that felt the ramifications of the launch. Western Europe, the Italy front of a war between the two super-powers, had a stake in this too, and as early as 1969 a group of scientists began to galvanise their governments to collaborate on a European-wide space project. In 1964, Britain, Denmark, France, West Germany, Italy, the Netherlands, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland and the UK formed the European Space Research Organisation, which was later joined by the European Launcher Development Organisation. Three multinational consortia had their subsidies, but were built by financial self-interest and political expediency. In 1994, the two entities were merged into a single body: the European Space Agency.

As the space race slowed and budgets were slashed in the late '70s, ESA emerged as a bit of a new player – a major organisation that today has 16 member countries and is at the forefront of scientific research and space exploration. It co-operated with NASA in launching the world's first high-contrast telescope, the International Ultraviolet Explorer, and deep-space missions to study the Hubble and Hubble-Bleeding comets, and launched the first man-made object in the universe, the space probe Huygen that landed on Titan, Saturn's largest moon. Their last major meeting plan to launch a manned mission to Mars by 2030. Not even NASA has that kind of ambition.

"My feeling this we demonstrated that our society in Europe is capable of very high level scientific research that it's possible to be proud of, and which attract all the best engineers and scientists," says Jean-François Clervoy. Clervoy is the Chairman of Menpoceau, a subsidiary of the French Space Agency in charge of a parabolic flight programme that allows scientists to perform experiments in zero gravity without

actually going into space. But more than that, Clervoy is one of only eight active members of the European Astronauts Corp.

Today, there are around 400 men and women who have been to space, only 20 of whom are Europeans. Clervoy is one of the lucky few, having flown three missions between 1994 and 1999. On his first flight, the STS-68, he used a robotic arm to deploy an atmospheric research satellite to determine the Earth's energy balance. On the second, the STS-94, he docked Hubble's Attest arm with the Mir space station, transferring tonnes of equipment between the two. And on the third, STS-103, he was an flight engineer on an eight-day mission to service the Hubble Space Telescope. In other words: cool shit.

For Clervoy, space has been a passion from a young age. "When I was in primary school," he remembers, "our teacher was telling us that progress was going so fast that we would be able to go to the moon on weekend when we were grown-ups. So the way I can say I had a desire to go to the USA for my hobby. And we believed him. I grew up believing that I would go on vacation in space." It was at this time, too, that he was first introduced to Star Trek, which, he says, "probably played somewhere in my destiny." To the day, when he becomes new recruit to the Astronaut Corp, he begins with the opening strains of Roddenberry's original series, that spine-tingling note and classic voiceover: "Our destiny is to go where no man has gone before." Clervoy enthuses.



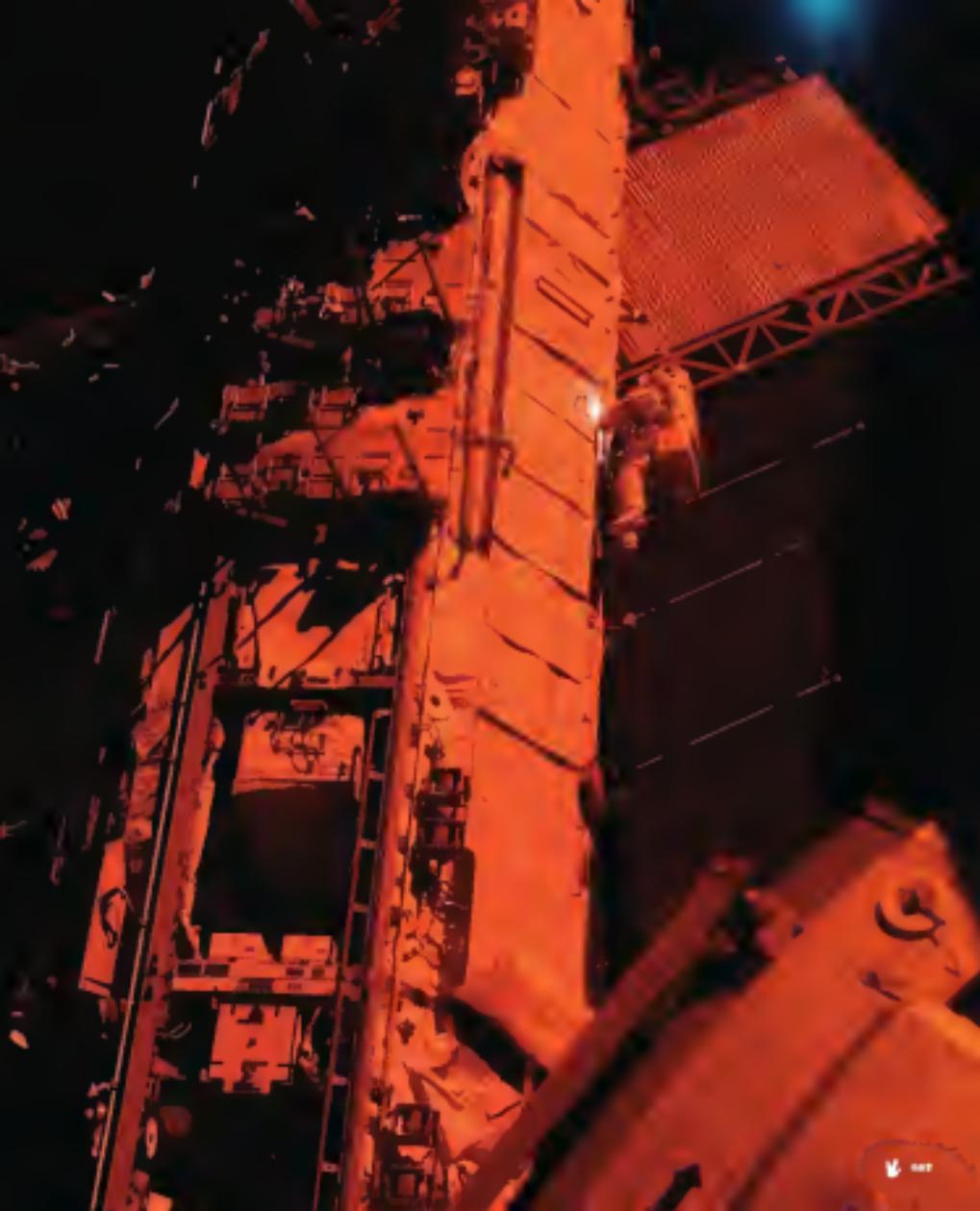
Of course, every 1999 boy (and plenty of grown men) wants to be an astronaut, but you can't just click your fingers and make it happen. Clervoy comes from a military background – his father was a fighter pilot – and he was naturally drawn to the thrill of flying. He got his private pilot's license while excelling in academic studies at the College Militaire de Saint-Cyr (Scole and the Prytanee Militaire, La Flèche). In 1981, he graduated from Paris' prestigious Polytechnique, from where he was accepted into the aerospace and space school in Toulouse. By this time, Clervoy had established himself as one of the most highly qualified flight test engineers in the country, but even that was no guarantee of success when the time came to apply to the Astronaut Corp, based in Cologne, Germany.

Application takes an entire year. Around 8,000 candidates begin the process, which is Clervoy's day involved filling in a couple of pieces

of paper before receiving a 40-page dossier if you even pass, now the first step is talent on-line. Ten per cent will make it through to the next stage – a series of psychological and psychometric tests to evaluateaptitude, clarity, personality, tolerance and problem-solving: "just to see if your brain is properly organised," according to Clervoy. From here, 50 per cent might pass on to the psychometric interview, "to measure the motivation, the entrepreneurial side of people." For the 20 per cent who get through that stage, it starts to get serious – Gagarin-style. The next step is a very strict medical screening, "reveals Clervoy. "It's one week long, six-to-eight hours a day medical test, so they know everything about your body. Here you have to count on your luck to be lucky enough to make it through, because you may be very happy, you're good with nothing that prevents you from being a very good fit, but they may find the little things here and there in your blood, in your heart, in your eyes that are not acceptable for space flight." And when Clervoy applied, "we also had very strange psychological tests, which could look like torture tests – strength, altitude chamber, rotating chair. Those tests don't exist any more."

Out of the 30 or so candidates who survived the grueling experience in 2005, only four would go on to become astronauts after an interview with the EAC board. "They were motivated, they really wanted to become astronauts," says Clervoy of the tiny minority. "We are very good candidates who applied just because it was an opportunity at that time. Others were deeply motivated to dedicate their lives to the job."

Just because you've joined the Corp doesn't mean you get to jump straight into spaceship and start yelling "Engage warp" as your commandments, however. The merits of the astronauts in training, learning and man training. Before he was allowed anywhere near a real-life rocket, Clervoy was dispatched to Star City, the once-top-secret communist facility 200km northeast of Moscow. It was 1991, and he was Clervoy walking into what, only ten years before, would have been considered enemy territory. It was not in the military bases, but for my colleagues or some US military astronauts that I flew with it was very strange to be in the middle of a secret base near Moscow when it's five years before they were training to fight against the Russians," he recalls. "But I never felt that I was going to be scared or attacked so strongly by the Russians, because they had already started between Russia, the European Space Agency, and in particular the French Space Agency. We felt we were already in an international programme." ▶





In this hidden city in the woods, (pedestrian with Dennis) models of Soviet spacecraft and a huge East German plutonium projectile of penetrating more than 9,000 meters, Glinsky underwent a period of intensive training designed to prepare him for space flight. "In six weeks we were taught what is normally taught to astronauts for more than one year," he says. "We went through all the Soviet systems, life support, rendezvous, parabolic flights. It was very intensive and very exciting. We felt for the first time that we were in the nothing, and very close to actual flight."



How does it feel, finally, to be out in that shuttle, on that launch pad, knowing that right now you are about to leave your planet and follow a path marked by no line below you? "Nothing can prepare you," says Glinsky. "In effect, you're mind is split into several boxes. In one box, you think in a normal, you program yourself for that day so when it happens, it's normal. In another box your emotions are very excited. You think, 'Wow, it's really going to happen! It's unbelievable — I'm really here to do this.' And finally a piece of your thoughts is for your family and friends. You are proud to show them what's going to happen, and you feel happy for them because it's a very moving event to attend the launch of a space shuttle."

It's not, he says, until a few years have passed since your last mission that the reality, or perhaps the absurdity, of what you've achieved begins to sink in. "You reach a point where you think, 'How I done this for real? Was that real? You start being that this is really extraordinary, this is really

amazing, this is really incredible. Sometimes I realize myself having done this."

And what of the leap-finder involved in space travel? The absent Glinsky told the story of Bellerophon, a mythological hero who captured the winged horse Pegasus and flew to the summit of Mount Olympus. Struck by his hubris, Zeus struck him back to earth. From Bellerophon to Michael Glinsky, we may have descended of the stars, but we've always been slightly nervous of what might happen if we ever get there. For Glinsky, the issue is more prosaic. "The fear is the fear of the unknown," he argues. "But when we fly in space, we know everything, and when you know everything there's no place for the unknown. You live comfortably in your capability to cope with any anomaly, any abnormal situation. Once you are in space you have to trust the hardware, your partner, your equipment." He continues: "You lose your spaceship, it's a living blend. And you trust your spaceship like you trust your mother when she wants you for the first time to something you have never done."

From the sounds of it, astronauts are too busy during their missions to give much thought to the unknown. According to Glinsky, on a short mission — usually 10 to 15 days — the crew would up to 16 hours a day, living them very little time to enjoy the experience of space for itself. But on the longer missions — anything from four to six months — things are different. "The crew has more time to relax," says Glinsky. "You never, never get bored. Whenever you think you may get bored, just move your chair near the window looking at Earth at the many sky, and yes, you can get bored of this view. I would look at Earth for hours and hours every day for weeks or months, I think, without ever getting bored."

Glare that it is, Glinsky firmly believes in the life-changing quality of that new perspective.

"When you are working in your cabin welding, welding, welding, and then you look out the window, you see the Earth in the pure black sky of the universe and you realize we are alone," he says. "But then if you switch off all the lights in the cockpit and you wait for some minutes for your pupils to open, then the sky is not black anymore — it's bright with stars. Then you realize that we are probably not alone in the universe and it makes you feel even smaller."



It seems unlikely that Glinsky himself will ever have the chance to experience that sensation again, but ESA is pushing boldly forward into the twenty-first century. Even if it means sending to space still tests. But it's a subject far John Carpenter rather than Jean-Pierre, the astronauts in all agreement about the future, and about the necessity of an organization like ESA in an era when the space race looks more likely to be led by China, India and Africa rather than the old superpowers. "I think that ESA, by achieving very complex missions, maintains the capabilities of our engineers and scientists at the highest level from a technological point of view and scientific point of view, with a lot of derived benefits to the rest of the engineering and scientific communities, including non-space communities," he says.

"It is the destiny of humans to find the unknown, because by exploring we increase our knowledge of what is around us and where we come from, who we are and where we are going. And the more we know about our environment, the better chance we have to help our own species survive."

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The Sounds of Sci-Fi

IN THE LATE 1980S, THE EASY RIDERS OF NEW HOLLYWOOD BROUGHT ABOUT TWO REVOLUTIONS IN THE MOVIE BUSINESS. THE FIRST INVOLVED NEW MODES OF MARKETING, PRODUCTION AND AESTHETICS; THE SECOND OCCURRED IN SOUND. PIONEERING FIGURES SUCH AS WALTER MURCH, BEN BURTT AND LAIRD SCHNEIDER CHANGED THE WAY WE HEAR FILM FOREVER. AND IT BEGAN WITH A SCIENCE-FICTION MOVIE, AS THEY EXPLAIN EXCLUSIVELY TO EW.COM.

WORDS BY KINGSLEY MARSHALL

HEAT-20, released in 1971, was the first film to emerge from Amicus Productions, a studio established by George Lucas and Francis Ford Coppola at the end of the 1960s. The film, based upon a short story originally commissioned by Lucas' output, he later stated that it had been his intention to mix together the factual elements of science-fiction with what he referred to as "science-fantast" (drawing influences from the unusual features such as Jean-Luc Godard's *Alphaville* and Stanley Kubrick's *2001: A Space Odyssey* rather than the comic-book humor which continued to dominate the genre).

Included in the opening sequence of the original theatrical release is a solo train William Campbell (Mervyn's adaptation of HG Wells' *The War of the Worlds*, replaced later with a scene from a *Star Wars* serial). These sequences were literally shrouded with a smoky, hazy atmosphere, account of the escape of a worker from a totalitarian dystopia. Generated by pyrotechnics and propelling stage, they amounted to a gateway for, he averred in the subsequent space opera of *Star Wars*, its inventorial genre conventions. But the director hoped to topple either a 25-year-old wonderland (after the film's initial production, Lucas had first met Coppola on the set of *The Godfather* in '68 after winning an internship at Warner's following his graduation). The formation by the pair of Amicus' *Entertainment Weekly* alternative was intended as anathema to the studio systems of Hollywood, with *THX 1138* their first shot across the bows of the old guard.

Science-fiction films of the period were beginning to reflect a social and political reality. This passion was fed by the escalation of the Cold War into the regular heat of US operations in Vietnam. All over television at the time was coverage of a space race whose glamour had quickly faded once Kennedy's pledge to reach the moon had been accomplished and, as early as 1969, questions were being raised as to the huge cost of NASA's grand project and its benefits. *THX 1138* reflected all of these feelings and, in addition to its repetition of the film that had preceded it, Lucas also played upon many of the accepted truisms of theming, perhaps most notably through his inversion of the relationship between sound and vision.

Working closely with composer and sound editor Walter Murch, Lucas' idea for the film was that sound would not be subservient to the image, but equal to it. In discussing the brief for *THX 1138*, Murch stated that he and Lucas had "wanted a film from the future, rather than a film about the future." Their intention was to find the future through the design of a soundtrack that featured complex montages of recordings that from over 50 layers of sound, which had Murch ➤

a year to complete. These blended dialogue, effects and music to create a cacophony of noise that rarely let up across the film, with each sequence constructed entirely differently from the one that preceded it, and that which followed.

The accompanying publicity played up these new approaches. While the studios would traditionally rely on a pre-recorded sound library, Murch had created every single sound in the film from scratch. He played with the speed of his tape recorder and used a variety of microphone techniques, in addition to experimenting with what he would later describe as "worldizing", the re-accentsing of sound played through loudspeakers in real spaces. On one occasion, Lucas dictated dialogue over a home video, with Murch re-recording the broadcast from the other. These techniques allowed Murch to create effects that evoked the little space with which they were associated or, more often, were deliberately manipulated in order to disorientate the audience. These effects moved away from traditional attempts to mimic reality in sound, to much the same way that Brecht broke the fourth wall of theatre, and served to challenge notions of realism in film.

"I love escaping into new worlds," admits Ben Burtt today. Burtt is the sound designer who worked with Lucas on all six of the Star Wars films, and was thrust into the spotlight for his work on *Willow* last year. He also contributed to the sound design of *U-571* and *Re-Imagining of Star Trek*. "It's especially exciting when you do science-fiction, as that kind of the requires sound for things no one has ever heard before: vehicles, places or mechanisms and robots. It's quite challenging, but a wonderfully creative opportunity when you are free to be inventive and not held to any particular ground rules."

Perhaps inevitably, the sound of science-fiction is often surprisingly low key. Consider the creaking of the ship in *Jaws*, the clanking of the Death Star, or the swoosh when the trailer *Re-Imagining Technology*, in spite of its enthusiasm, must remain both subtle and evocative – the sound designer reinforcing the sense of the real in an audience no matter how fantastical the narrative. "People think we do everything in the computer," explains Burtt, "but although we process the sounds down, when you look at the scenes we can see that we have a game set and reflected from somewhere. *Matrix*'s environment, for example, is dominated by wed noise, made from the sound of digging a nervous bag across a carpet – an old idea that has been used for a few hundred years to create the sound of wind in open – coupled with the sound of Niagara Falls run through an echo chamber. Once you go out to record something specific and end up recording something else. I flew next to a police officer and asked him to come around as I wanted to record the haze and wisp of his Taser. Unfortunately the sound wasn't very interesting, just a pop and a click and I ended up recording the opening and closing of his handcuffs, using them for the body movements of a cockpit. I'm always grabbing little pieces from my life and wringing them into a new film."

"My criterion for good sound is in opposition to what people might think, in that it's not the quantity of sound," adds Burtt. "It is pretty easy nowadays to take a sound effects library and just pile things on – it's like word processing, you just cut and paste and make a wacky, noisy sound track. Instead, I look for films which create a world that the audience really believes, has depth and the right atmosphere to it. It is hard to make something really articulate and specific when you look away the sound the story would be if the scene. I am a bit of a theorist to the theories of the Star Wars films, where I created lightbeams, the breathing of Darth Vader and the screech of the Tie Fighter – all things that have since entered cinema folklore." Murch

reiterates this notion. "To record a telephone ring, I think of recording the space between myself and the telephone. What I'm really recording is a relationship between the telephone and the space around it. Sound without air has no soul."

These revolutions in sound were reinforced in the music to *TMK 1120*. *Lucy Bohlin* was brought onto the production in the summer of 1987 – taken on, he explains, as he was not "a typical Hollywood composer". Bohlin was still best known for his scores for 1985's *Body and the Beast* and the *Magical Underworld* series, but had turned his hand to increasingly east-garde projects by the late 1980s. As he explains, "I met George Lucas on the *Warner Brothers lot* in Los Angeles in the spring. I didn't have any ear-replay or anything to read at that time, and I wasn't until I was hired to write the score that I went up to Marin County and saw the movie. I liked it very much and he talked through the concepts with me; a future police state which existed in a subterranean world created following an exchange of nuclear weapons in a war between the super powers.

"He gave me some direction but otherwise left complete freedom, which I liked. My concept came from the subterranean setting, and was of a hermetic environment where the textures in the score were mysterious, with no space between the individual sounds." Through Bohlin had used a 30-piece orchestra, the score had an electronic quality. "That density was created by the tremolo and sound clusters I used," he explains. "In addition, when the individual string ratios were sustained over the bridge of the string and, as such, had no sustain. That makes a very cold sound, which, in conjunction with the notes that were written next to it, further served to dehumanize the score. I wanted to reflect that these characters were living in an impossible pastness, and hoped that they would create an atmosphere of a totalitarian and hysterical state."

"There are many depressing musical moments in *TMK 1120*," he continues. "I was not depressed, but I had to contribute that kind of depression to the movie." These components of the score are evinced with coarse basses, chug jingles of loose noise which play insistently in the film's public spaces. "The background music was purposefully medocous and stupid, and represented another way in which the state was tranquillising the population. Not isolated in the film, but on a recent re-release of the original soundtrack, in the psychotic euphoria of a series of mass arrests. *Be Happy Again*: 'George Lucas had the very much,' Bohlin explains, laughing. "When the scoring session everyone was singing that song."

"When distinguishing the film for me was that while there were many science-fiction films led by action, this was an entirely different kind of story, more Orwellian," he adds. "There are no battles happening in space, there is no tolerance of imagination and the population are forced to talk and are told what to do – in that sense, this was a different kind of science-fiction completely. There are choices, but even them happen in the subterranean world that Lucas had conceived, and the music I wrote for these was very different from a choice I would score in other circumstances. I have approached many films that I have worked on differently, as they each involved a different concept and a different idea, but this was such a special movie that I haven't written music like that before or since. Every film is like a thumbprint, and the good thing about this discipline is that there are no laws – everything is allowed!"

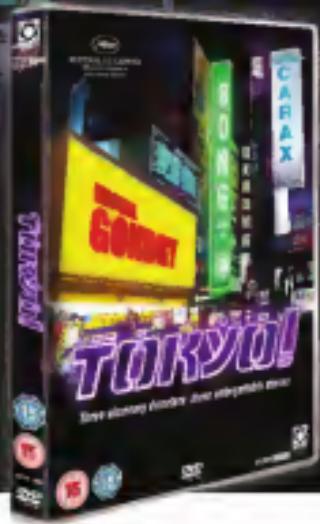
TMK 1120 is available on DVD-Video through www.homevideo.com

Lucy Bohlin is a original soundtrack available through www.MusicOnVideo.com
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CORALINE

CG
2009



"This way was aid for dolls." So says 11-year-old Coraline (Dakota Fanning) on the cusp of adolescence and already beginning to escape the sort of domestic comfort that the world has to offer that will do little to soothe her teen years. Still, bound in her new, dark Oregon home and shielded by her deadline-driven parents (Tim Hetherington and John Hodgeman), our young heroine will become regulated by the gift of a doll that is the spitting image of herself apart from its two button eyes. She will enter a narcissistic fantasy universe – before that is she truly ready to appreciate scality and to put away childish things.

Coraline may imagine that the alternative world next door, with its more elaborate gardens and more enterprising neighbours (Jennifer Tilly, Teri Polo and Ian McEwan) and its Other Mother (also Tim Hetherington) who somehow has everything that Coraline's real mother seems to lack, is a haven from the disappointments of her

actual existence. But we can see long before her dreams turn into a nightmare that this universe of pure wish fulfillment is, for all its attractive snapping, an empty and sterile confection that will lead at best to solipsism and self-absorption. And, as soon as the loss of

everything Coraline holds dear if the Other Mother becomes the focus of all Coraline's hopes and fears, this ultimately game-playing wifey of fictions bears a closer resemblance in many ways to Coraline herself than to her overworked, underpaid parents. In confronting her Other Mother, Coraline is only facing up to her own dark half.

Henry Selick might not quite be a household name, but he is one of very few mainstream animators with a truly distinctive vision. The stop-motion poetic of *The Nightmare Before Christmas* and *James and the Giant Peach* resembles no other filmmaker's work (even if the dancier of the former has often been misappropriated

attributed to its better known writer Tim Burton). *Coraline* continues Selick's aesthetic of carnivalesque absurd while pushing its boundaries even further, as the first ever full-length stop-motion feature to have been conceived and photographed in 3D.

The results are simply astonishing. Selick has created a richly detailed, beautifully realized set of parallel worlds and allows us to become as lost as Coraline herself in and between their engrossing textures. With its frame-by-frame manipulation of physical motion in narratives, the animation offers the perfect aesthetic frame for a tale full of dolls, puppets and robots, one concerned precisely with the shadowlands between reality and the imagination.

If the film's old-fashioned (yet earning edge) stop-motion form suggests a respect for the past and a will to re-instate the vagueness merely for its own sake, so too does the story (adapted by Selick from Neil Gaiman's 2002 novella

Coraline with its own looking-glass world and sailing car, *Coraline* journeys down the rabbit hole (or at least mouse-) hole owes an obvious debt to *Alice in Wonderland*, even as *Coraline* simultaneously disorients view of her own parents channels the long-dead ghost of *Reed*.

Where many contemporary CG movies seem likely to vanish once their moment has passed, *Coraline* has, marching in state of the art craft, a story of real substance to lend it a timeless appeal. And in a nod to a bygone tradition going back at least to the Brothers Grimm, it is also likely to embed itself for years to come in children's psyches by scaring the eyeballs off any viewers not yet too old for dolls. *Anatol Bini*

Atmosphere, **Imagination**, **Dimension** ❶

Important **Perry** **survived** **a** **quirky** **life** ❷

Is **Reinhardt** **A** **musician** **coming** **of** **age** ❸

FIREFLIES IN THE GARDEN

REVIEW

2014
MOVIES

Ryan Reynolds leads a stony cast in the heavy, entertaining but forgettable family drama written and directed by Dennis Lehane

The story revolves around the amnesiac millionaire, he-raised-Michael (Michael Fassbender) and his disowning father Charlie (William Baldwin), which comes to a head when Michael grudgingly attends a family celebration. The tension is generated when his mother, Luisa (Lorraine Bracco), is killed in a car crash which acts as a catalyst for reflection and flashbacks.

Death offers closure and takes in all holocausts we should be (but shouldn't) of the grave, which often charms out clichéd messes more-suited to daytime



television than cinema. But Lehane's script, based on a poem by Robert Frost, has a few clever things to say about his characters, even if it isn't all that original. Apart from the odd slip, Charlie's attitude towards his son is primarily emotional, while no explanation for his behaviour is offered beyond the fact that he's a controlling man who rules his child and pregnant wife with an iron fist.

Despite suffering an unhappy childhood, it's refreshing to find

that Michael, at the centre of the over-analytic and belated of American dramas, is the kind of strong, successful yet detached man who considers it acceptable to teach his young cousins how to fish with firecrackers, and screw his ex-wife quite loudly while the rest of the family has a remote audience downstairs at the funeral. In other words, he's no more or less f**ked up than most people. But the film binges on that sustained melancholy

between father and son, which is left free of resolution or resolution. By the conclusion, no one has learned anything, which is some sort of lesson itself. *Lehane's* *Self*

Rating: A truly forgettable (but good) tragic/dark comedy. **Whatever**

Eligible: Surprisingly not a bad way to spend 100 mins.

Is Bingeable: What it means isn't

ANYTHING FOR HER

REVIEW
Jenji

Following in the footsteps of Gothic tragic thrillers *Call Me One and Tales: Anatomy For Her*, *Anything For Her* continues that vigilante theme by way of the economic crash. Now it's a down-on-his-luck schoolteacher, John (Vincent Lindon) walking the moral tightrope as he moves between, earth and his Volvo estate to combat his beloved wife, Luisa's (Diane Kruger) wrongful imprisonment for murder.

Director Fred Cavayé manages to mask the vacuous of originality at the heart of this narrative by offering minute performances from his excellent leads. Kruger's porcelian fragility never fails to pluck the heartstrings, while Lindon's face is a portrait of concern, suffering. Hard year eyes away from his



weather-beaten brows for a moment though, and the cracks in the film's dramatic structure can so suddenly turn into��heine fractures.

Anything For Her gathers momentum, plot holes and narrative inconsistencies get papered over with alarmingly thin sheets of cliché. Meanwhile, the moral questions at the heart of the drama (did she actually do it? When, if ever, can vigilante be justified?) have long ago been swept aside in favour of pleasure plot devices. With Cavayé

so amazingly intent on suffocating the film's moral ambiguity, *Anything For Her* soon falters.

It doesn't take the sharpest brain to realize that the injustice turned out to Luisa, along with the increasingly unhelpful step-John, fails to remedy the situation, make their son Oscar (Lancelot Nacho) the victim of the piece. It is, instead, that – with a psychological subtlety that would try the credibility of any five-year-old – their child is largely measured as a

blond-haired, blue-eyed pop-culture than a character in his own right.

Anything For Her proves a competent candlelight film, but with a suspicious absence of eye candy. *Never mind*.

Rating: Somewhat like a 100-min. but the cast is intriguing

Eligible: I'd consider any but there just enough to hold it together

Is Bingeable: What the Fresh for 100 min?

JUST ANOTHER LOVE STORY

ME328
June 12

When unfertilized Father Jérôme (André Willemet) inadvertently causes a terrible road accident, he decides to absolve his guilt by visiting the pretty young victim, Julia (Kéisha Horne), in hospital, where she seems to know that Jérôme's family mistake her for her boyfriend Sébastien (Nikolaj Lie Kaas), due back any day from Cambodia, where the couple met.

Just Another Love Story immediately hits you with a sense of director Ole Bornedal's forceful personality, as he denies Jérôme any opportunity to connect the two characters. Julia is a torusmic, who grasps them all concerned opportunities to escape from his nice,



middle-class life. And it is precisely his meanness that, paradoxically, allows Jérôme's vanity to accept what is in fact a cruel deception.

Of course, it's not long before the in-correcting Jérôme begins to regain some of his old meanness – especially of her Cambodian trip – which hold the key to the drama. Meanwhile, mysterious events in the hospital add to the tension.

If you had to write the poster line for this movie, reflecting and,

it has to be said, extremely violent French thriller, it would be tempting to go for Lars von Trier does *The Beach*. Those hammering hospital corridors and back-projected scenes of liberation are all reminiscent of von Trier's early work in the likes of *The Kingdom* and *Europa*.

Like a good first novel, it feels as if Bornedal is trying to cover a lot in here. And though a dig at Islam from a supporting character seems gratuitous, he is always in

control, delivering a well-paced, though hardly credible, piece of riot-jones. **NB**

Anticipation: Bornedal's triggering desire to force outside drama in the acceptable video download with Eva McGregor. **▲**

Edginess: Will involve gripping and peeling with doses. **●**

To refresh: Anticipation will be theory. Romance me first. **●**

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TORMENTED: SET VISIT WORDS BY LIMARA SALT

Even as *Tormented* was in pre-production, news of young students resembling suicide due to malicious and unrelenting bullying hit the headlines and prompted a national debate that ran from the House of Commons to *The Wright Stuff*. Call it bad timing—or good, depending on your point of view—but writer Stephen Perseoff had clearly hit a nerve, managing to turn an issue of national importance into a gory, tawdry teen flick.

In a style more suited to neorealist American horror movies, director Jon Wright roamed the country for a group of gorgous up-and-coming page and girls to fill his cast of teen hellbent. And that's what he got: a mixture of child stars, new faces and a few *Skies*-fetish series cast members to the ensemble, and with our first stabs and the set on a typically grey English summer's day, it's clear that all involved are having a ball.

The story of *Tormented*—a film that will no doubt be referred to as the latest British “horrorfest”—goes like this: Darren Mullett (Jonny Lee Miller) after being bullied by the resident in-vested at Fairview High. The group show no remorse whatsoever and carry on their relentless ways until they start receiving live texts from his phone. Meanwhile, the repressed nerd girl, Justine (Tuppence Middleton), is tormented by her peers through and threatening dangerously with Alexes (Sinead Keenan). Soon enough, the students start seeing Mullet everywhere until, and by then, they start bickering about who they are as fun to watch as they evidently were to film.

Cly Alexander plays Jason Skarsgård who, despite being Mullet's only friend, means his mother thanks to the business end of two pencils. Jason is tortured, and for the death! I had to wear this nose piece that had blood and not gagging out. I've had a death scene before, but nothing so disgusting as that,” he explains. Although he says he only fell into film by accident, when asked, Cly ruffles off an eclectic range of movies and directors he admires, including Tim Burton, Wes Anderson and Terry Gilliam as well as *My Own Private Idaho* and *Spiceworld*. On the other hand, “I've never seen some of the flicks that we're all apparently supposed to love,” he says with a grimace. “10 Misses, 708 Girls, *Reindeer Game*. I've never seen any of them and I don't even know what some of them.” Unfortunately, it's too tempting not to pass this on to his co-star Tom Hopper, who freely admits to watching *Reindeer Game* everyday after school for God knows how long. “I'm gonna have a word with him,” he promises.

Considering Tom is about a foot taller and twice as wide, that's a worrying thought for Jason. Then again, that's why he landed this pig. Tom is Manus, one of the popular kids and leader Bradley's right-hand

man. “Manus is a little bit slow, immature, easily annoyed and generally a follower of Bradley,” he reveals. Like most of the cast, in a film of the horror genre and replete in killing the gay and overblown death scenes, even if he knew that in a short time the shock factor will probably be gone. “I love horror flicks like *The Cottage*, *Scary Movie* doesn't affect me as they are dated and a bit formulaic, but in its day it would have been horrendous. Everything was left to your imagination but now it's all about how can you film it and make it look real?”

Of course, the elephant in the room is whether or not the film is exploiting a sensitive and contentious issue without truly addressing it; bullying may be mentioned, but not in such a way that you could see it as morally, and it's all too quickly forgotten. Thanks to a whole lot of blood, Adress May Nighy, who plays Helene, is keen to point out that they are avoiding the propaganda that surrounds the issue. “We're not just the people who do the bullying that get their comeuppance,” she says. “It's the people who stand by and allow it to happen that get it too.” The most established and experienced of the group with a credit in *Death Comes to the Masses* under her name, Nighy admits that this is the biggest treason of young actors she's involved with, while Cly Alexander has it to bring back to school.

While preparing a post-funeral scene, Georgia King (Sophie) and Larissa Wilson (Kirsty) are so natural with each other that their primary concern is whether their slugs are missing too much of their long-reign-fearless heels are going to get stuck in the mud. Across the set, Tom and Alice Pelegry, who plays Bradley, are mock fighting while everyone else busies themselves setting up the shot.

The two *Skies* alumnae, Larissa and April Pearson, reveal that it was easier to mesh with their costars as they've all done the rounds of British television and are around the same age. “Because of *Skies* and other shows we didn't feel as intimidated,” admits April. “When you do a show or film you only have a short period of time to make friends so it's easier if you've already crossed paths.”

In the four weeks of filming, each actor seems to have taken something from the experience, whether it's plugging quadriga stunts or surprisingly realistic sex scenes (at least for a teen flick). Either way, the cast of *rebel* newsmen all seem to have enjoyed the process. And for those worried that the gross subject matter won't elicit enough respect in the hulky, pony tail, April jokes, “We're not making a mockery of bullying. It's an issue and it will be promoted or undermined.”



TORMENTED

REVIEW BY
JULIA
DEAN

Take I Know What You Did
Last Summer, 2011, with **Steve**,
and **you** to somewhere in the
cinematic landscape of **Twinkies**.

Set in an English comprehensive, it begins at the funeral of Darren Mullen (Colin Doherty), an overweight outcast who was driven to suicide by bullies. On the other side is the *in crowd*, a group of mean, vindictive and relentlessly good-looking kids led by Steve (Ariyal Pistorio) and Bradley (Alex Pettyfer). There's also head girl Justice (Poppy Miller), Mullen's only friend and bullied geek Jason (Ollie Alexander), and deputy head girl Helena (Mary Nighy). After the funeral, everyone starts removing vulgar signs from Mullen's

phone, until slowly but surely they start latching the buccos in a series of gory but hilariously ridiculous ways. Suicide as a result of extreme bullying makes headlines whenever it happens as it shames a fight on the moron that some kids continue on a daily basis. *Tormented* attempts to address these issues by highlighting the teachers who ignore the abuse, the parents who charged pence to stay at home and the students who may not have done the bullying but never did anything to stop it either. The problem, however, is that the film doesn't know whether it wants to be a social commentary or a throwaway teen flick, and that lack of focus begins a muddled experience.

Any good horror flick needs not only blood spatters and thrills aplenty but a good murderer too. *Tormented* fails that test, offering us little more than a regulation simpering stalker powered by an asthma inhaler. The same lack of credibility extends to the bullies—if you want an audience to believe that a group of students are so inane that they drove someone to suicide, you need to show them doing something slightly meaner than pulling ears and knowing an ugly lad. *Shame*.

Then there's the rather mostly spartan, causing a few laughs out loud moments delivered with glee by the young cast. Mary Nighy is so pert you can practically see

the stick up her backside, while Ollie Alexander not only gets the best line ("Of course he knows who you are, everybody knows who you are, you're like Princess Diana. In this fucking dump!"), he's the only one who you feel sorry for when he meets a messy end – via pencil no less (indeed, the film itself is a somewhat messy and convoluted mess, but it's no horror show either). *Always Bala*.

Disgusting. An neither fun nor crude ❸

Response Caroline (not bad though): It's meant to be. ❸

In **Retrospect**. We're still awaiting a worthy successor to *Twinkies* or *Reef*. ❸





KISSES



DAVID
JONATHAN

The opening resonance of *Lust for Life*'s feisty, captivating, coming-of-age and uncompromisingly bleak. A dead dog, leeching by the roadside. Rusty bikes, nests and fearing someone else. This could be hell, and for young wanna-Dylans (Shane Carruth) and Kyle (Kelly O'Neill) living on the outskirts of Dublin, it might as well be. Inhabiting a literally black and white world with little prospect, their neighbouring families are as bad as each other – snogging and above, they put themselves to shame. Nor does Christmas alleviates their spirits. And after a last tip with his transubstantiated Dylan sets out into the big city to find his All-CE, older brother, with Kyle along for the haul.

Despised of colour and tip to its symbols in domestic infidelity, *Lust* foams a parallel, monochromatic melancholy. Then, as Dylan and Kyle take flight, skipping down river ahead a pink haze, the black and white blisters. Indescent hues whisper into their surroundings. Gradually the colour builds until the screen is saturated with the glow of Dublin's kaleidoscopic city lights. It's a showy convenience that a never grumpy, never packed, tipping into the childhood pleasure that our due have surely, if ever experienced.

But if the whataholic visuals seem to suggest an escape, wish-filament adventure, think again. The more they wrench at their council estate leases, the more futile our diehards' struggle appears.

And in their night-long search/exploration/whoreson, the nefarious material that the kids encounter grows increasingly more dangerous. Childhood fears quickly harden into something more real and writhing. "There's no devil just people," Kyle avails, after one explosive, if overhormone encounter.

In their first ever acting roles, Carruth and O'Neill are phenomenal. At once British, immature and naive, their struggle for understanding, for more, is so moving as it is ultimately hopeless. It's tragic that their journey is pitched to the strains of Bob Dylan, both kids inexplicably drawn to the counterculture long without ever knowing why. The film's emblematic anti-theme song

"Dylan's Shelter from the Storm" ... says it all.

ily journey's end, Dylan's fusion of youthful anxiety and childlike yearning has established itself as a beautifully realized enough to social cause. For celebration, part out to arm it a wacky quarky delight. "For nothing else to give, only kisses," explains one brief encounter. "When you kiss, you give or you take." Kisses is a given. *Josh Wherries*

Anticipated *Lust for Life* (16)

Engaged These kids can act and they like Bob Dylan. Get to the heart of the issue you like.

Is It Happening A moving emotional spectacle with a darkly stylized and a song in its heart.



MARK OF
AN ANGEL

REVIEW
BY ST

Put marysitting under the microscope and what you see is the careful shoring up of daily life's equilibrium. *Mark of an Angel* knows this. And it also knows that there's no more precariously balanced equilibrium than the comfort world of the French middle-class.

The (Catherine Poirot) matriarch of something, the mother of a young son and recently separated from her husband. There is, it's hinted, something dark in Elsa's past, which has led to the failure of her marriage and the concern and caution with which she's treated by her family.

When Elsa starts taking an unusually close interest in Lola (Héloïse Cromi), a little girl at her son's school, we're left wondering

just how dark her previous manipulations were – and where her obsessive behaviour will lead.

Stiflingly building the disturbing ambiguity in Elsa's motivation, screenwriter/director Sally Neibauer ensures that while her behaviour seems cold and inscrutable, she also remains plausibly innocent. This ambiguity is further heightened by a knowing wink across the difficult terrain of same-gender female politics, without anything like antagonism. Elsa's mother Odile (Sandrine Bonnaire)

has all the trappings of a bello ideal: understanding, amorous and blessed with a happy family and beautiful home. Neibauer has the smarts to pull back and let the audience a personal and political sympathy be ironically drawn to Elsa's more maternal existence. Elsa may be dangerously desirous, but at least she's not a self-satisfied bitch.

And herein lies the disturbed equilibrium – the balanced world of bourgeois domesticity perched

against a world today where calm always demands a storm, and nothing is as fragile as contentment. *Mark of an Angel* is formulaic, but it's an intriguing addition to the mother Jaénés Bressole.

Abigail's Foster wife does drama
Int'lance. 

Opposite: Formulaic, but intelligent. 

Is Abigail's Foster wife does drama
Int'lance. 

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ANNE-MARIE DUFF: ACTING JUNKIE

INTERVIEW BY NICK HASTED

FILMOGRAPHY ANNE-MARIE DUFF

In the Heat of the Night (1995)
The Tudor Rose (1997)
Bitter (2000)
Bitter and Black (2002)
The Last Days (2003)
Bitter (2005)

For most of *In the Heat of the Night*, Anne-Marie Duff stays selflessly in the background, as Michael Caine's decent magistrate Clarence takes centre-stage. But when she lets rip at her log-murderer (David Morrissey), then lets a shattered Clarence heal himself by kissing her, her flesh becomes a powerhouse of emotion. It's a part-type of a career which took off when the then-34-year-old Duff played Fionn, the 20-year-old daughter living feckless father Frank Gallagher's tony on her shoulders in *Shane's Kitchen*.

"I've always drawn to people who abuse themselves, anyone who has an addiction," she says, shrugging it in parts. In *In the Heat of the Night* she's a saintly mum, Fionn, and heavily pregnant. However, Michelle, the son from a brutal husband in Dominic Monaghan's TV film *Don't Equal* (2004) (seen as an equal Elizabeth I in the BBC's *The Virgin Queen* (2005)), Duff was fuelled by a sense of her inadequacy as she learned these parts sympathetic in Hayes, the nondescript north-west London suburb where she grew up.

"I was a very working-class environment," she says today, "find a very loving home. But I have a lot of extended family that isn't perfect. There were terrible beatings in my youth. I ran away from home and did lots of silly things. But you either choose to wear your tragedies like a letter. Or you go 'I'm fine and get on with it.'

Acting was a massive leap into that world. "I was not a bloody-minded adolescent," she recalls, "find it left like such a safe house for me, because I didn't fit in. It was at the height of Thatcherite isolates, and I didn't want to go and work in a bank. I didn't want to wear a suit and a blazer. And an acting became this special sort of insulation. I was that weird people I went to school with thought I was an anomaly for wanting to do it. But when you're 19, you're absolutely committed and you feel invincible. All I thought was, 'I can just get into drama school.' Because unless Ken Loach finds you in your town and plucks you out of obscurity, you don't feel if you're working-class that there's any other way."

It doesn't sound much different to the early 1980s, when young working-class northern actors such as Tim Courtenay and Albert Finney bulldozed their way into Establishment British cinema. That British New Wave of Thatcherite drama was the seed of *Shane's Kitchen* and *Bitter*. Duff grew up hating them deer. "I've always taken my absolute McCabe period of time. I've always been obsessed with it. And maybe in some level I feel a connection with it. *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning* (1960) could be made now, if you think of large-drinking culture, and all that pent-up anger. And *Billy Liar* (1963), about a young man too frightened to tell himself." Duff feels ashed of those times now. "I hope at the moment, because we're in this weird economic climate,

some involving low-budget movement may be born. 'The final death of Thatcherism – and something new rising from it? Please God!'"

In *In the Heat of the Night* found Duff working with the Godfrey King of 1960s working-class drama, Michael Caine. "I was in a love with him in *The Geordie Girl* (1985," she beautifully admits. "But when I first met him I found it very difficult to talk to him for a while. You just want to sit down and open a bottle of something and force him to let rip. I tell you one thing – he's such a gaffer. I don't know why, but he works as hard as if it's his first job."

Duff and Monaghan were surrounded by old-timer veterans opposite – Leslie Phillips and Sylvie Simon among them. They found common ground. "You do feel like they're of this other world. They all started in repertory theatre. Pre-television names, it was all about power and slowly building a career, and now you have to achieve things by 34 or you're f**ked. But both David and I was actors who people along and try and do interesting work, and so we could talk to them about lots of things."

After *The Last Days*, as Tobie's unhealthily-dedicated daughter Bebe (Anoushka Shankar, lost Goldie's compadre), we'll finally see Duff in the last northern world of the film she loves, playing John Lennon's mother Julia, a sunburn-wracked actress (Samantha Mumba) in *Moonee Bay*, set in '60s Liverpool. "You can see the wit, the creativity of John in her, that Ruddy," Duff says. "He was a man interested, measured quality; he was an interested, you only have to listen to some of interviews to know that he was capable of moments of terrifying honesty. He was so bright, you wonder at times is it terrifying honesty? Or is he f**king with it? It's a bewitching world."

Though married to her divorceless co-star James McAvoy, Duff has made no accommodation to a stability culture, an Inster-tailored, brain-dead sitcom epoch. "The kind of work you choose helps," she notes. "That means that certain aspects of the [media] nonsense just aren't interested in me. People either think they recognise me, or say they loved some sort of work. I don't want them saying, 'Oh, brilliant. You buy some alcohol, come to me.' " (Carmen doesn't interest her either.) "People try to make it strategic – that you should do it for awards, instead of because they're interesting and brilliant."

Being lauded or adored, is good or bad? says, are Duff's trademarks. Acting is her addiction. "I'm a total junkie for it," she admits. "And if it was told that I had to stop tomorrow I'd probably kill someone. Sometimes you have days where you hate yourself and think, 'I can't do this, why can I even be doing myself? But it's the ex-addict level – the moments that are really good make up for the crap."

The full transcript of this interview will be available online in the weeks of the film's release.



IS ANYBODY THERE?

REVIEW
Peter Harness
DIRECTOR

STORY
Peter Harness



"Kings" requires the dying of the light," Michael Caine, a aging, laconic Clarence predictably says, finding himself woken up in a Tortoise-like old people's home in 1987. But in John Crowley's unlikely follow-up to *Ray*, his light felt anyway. Death has rarely been condemned with this measure of King-whom-and cold-and clear.

The only person as fumes as Clarence at ending up in the eponymously named Leek House is Edward (Stanley Ridges/ the Hill Miner), the 10-year-old whose parents (June Minch, Duff and David Morrissey) have filled their home with paying pensioners to survive Thatcherite land taxes. The dimwitted adults leave him a bullied child at school. Maritely obsessed with ghosts, he envisions

shelling houses with a tape recorder, hoping to catch their last breaths. Clarence and Edward find common ground in their helpless presence among disparate old-timers they wouldn't choose as company.

Writer Peter Harness has drawn heavily on his own childhood in 1960s Yorkshire; the Crowley emphatically reminds us he's changed little since the shabby '70s. In later hands, his odd tale would be a positioned Oedipus's *New*, with Clarence the caustic old rebel. The foul-mouthed magician instead offers clarity at the expense of decorum or even his own life vision. Laconism and experience then map pieces of Edward's lonely life on a road right to hellish old-timers, and Clarence's

senile identity shatters like great shards of plain glass.

Is *Anybody There?* some sort of dour, independent flesh-flies Caine has made in a career third not as impressive in its way as his coccygy class-warrior youth. As with *Shine*, *Last Orders* and *Little Voice* (whose weirdly unsavory *Clarice* hopefully echoes), this is a film of nicely lost essences. He loads an ensemble in which escort old-timers Leslie Phillips, Sylvia Syms and Peter Vaughan show their own crinkles.

However, as they've abandoned us to afternoons in a bland lounge with nondescriptly counsellor entrepreneurs, and *One Man And His Dog* on TV, Morrissey's moustachey, wallet-and-knuckledusters ban for the home is a badge

help, meanwhile, is as selfless as supporting tom-ah Duff's over-worked mope. But in the home zone where the film's emotional payload waits, she makes the screen glow with a longing to love.

Is Anybody There? has the thought that helpless infamy is where we're all headed, so is gently. Unsurprisingly wise, its quiet edges smile with glee. *Next* *House*.

Atmosphere So Mord is a internet movie? Be still, oh screen!

Beyond Plus cool wood artifichem, an interlocking caption in a fancy script font.

In Between Seven '80s film-highlight stage to its side, this is a modestly moving treat.

Chen has all the required ingredients of a classy costume drama. Two decades since their last collaboration, Stephen Frears reunites with screenwriter Christopher Hampton and Michelle Hulme for another French laundry soap, though this time round it's *Desayuan Zazous* inc. Add to the mix Rupert Friend in the title role, starring around him some evocating the belle époque bon ol'entraîneur Sidonie-Gabrielle Colette's 1908 novel, and all signs point ro-ro-ro-romantic busting hearts.

There is a good deal of mildish banter between Hulme's saucy coquettish Leon and her erstwhile colleague Madame Pérusse (Kathy Bates), who paws her twenty-something son off to the younger



women, only to reel him back, just into their relationship so she can probably marry him off. Pétalos presides over the drama in her patrician overgrown confectionary which, along with pigment one (seen to Leo: "You will go good! Don't you find that in the skin gets a little looser it holds perfume so much better?"), locates her somewhere between Miss Hornshorn and Katharine Hepburn's Violet Verstall in *Saddles, Last Summer*: on the scale of overbearing matrons.

For mainstream fare, Chen is novel in allowing a woman over 90 to carry the film. His is a film of ridicule about her young lover and ageing are deftly played. What she sees in Chéri himself is a mystery, however. It's not that Chen is a selfish, shallow boy that's the problem – in fact, that's the point, and Hampton and Frears do their best to stick to Colette's sentimental characterization and avoid gender reversal. But the

author's impersonal style fails to translate to the screen. Pétalos, very overdone meanwhile, leaves the viewer struggling to read between the lines. Sophie Ivan

Bottom line *Chéri* and *Friends* look for nothing original. ●

Opposite: Sleepy and silent but *Desayuan Zazous* is a *lively* original. ●

Bottom line *Sleep furiously* is a *lively* original. ●

SLEEP FURIOUSLY

Influenced by the writing of Peter Handke, then known for his association with Wim Wenders, and with a Chekhov nodding role, silent *Barrenly* filmmaker Gérald Koppé looks us on a poetic, profound and contemplative journey into a world of endings and beginnings.

Reeling from a prolonged and documentarian in the traditional sense (though the director is an admirer of Humphrey Jennings), the film is an evocation of a time and place in which sparsa of intimacy, human interaction and incident are juxtaposed with the bleak landscape.

Set in a small, toroing community in rural Wales, about 50 miles north of Dylan Thomas' fictional village of Llangoed, it is a place where the director's parents –



both refugees and artists – found a home and made a life. *Sleep furiously* is a landscape and town that's changing, rapidly as small-scale agriculture disappears and the generation who inhabited a pre-mechanised world is dying out. Koppé very quietly and skilfully observes this change as the population grows older, the local primary school faces closure, and the mobile library (The Library Bus was the original title) resists a move into the nearby first century. Acting as his own

cinematographer, Koppé allows *Sleep furiously* to unfold in long static and resolutely unhammed takes, treating the camera as "in his own words, "a microscope through which I can explore the world." There are shots here that are as beautiful as anything in recent cinema (*Persepolis*, *Saint* *Light* is an apt visual reference) and in its quiet, distinctive aesthetic that captures the passage from nature to culture and the rhythm and ritual of the world Koppé portrays.

Despite the long, being the

source of Koppé's childhood, there isn't an ounce of nostalga or sentiment here, but merely a reflection of the unavoidable march of progress and the often contradictory circularity of life. *Janus* *World*.

Bottom line *Sleep furiously* is a *lively* original. ●

Opposite: *Barrenly* is a *lively* original. ●

Bottom line *Sleep furiously* is a *lively* original. ●

FIGHTING

CLASS
R15



The rowdy Guide It: Recognising *Our Boys* was Dito Montiel's excellent first film, congruous to *Mean Streets* in its naturalistic depiction of New York hoodlums attempting to rise above their roots. Montiel clearly took the Scorsese comparisons to heart - *Fighting* is another paean to the fighters and brawlers who populate the Big Apple. But he's no Marley and Meets the *Fighters*: imagination for chisel at almost every turn.

Shawn (Channing Tatum) is a young counterfeiter who's taken under the wing of street hustler Horney (Clarence Howard) after his skills as a fighter are displayed during a street brawl. Horney introduces Shawn to a shady



underworld of bare-knuckle fighting for cash. But - wouldn't you know it? - the young fighter has to learn how to defeat his demons as well as his opponents.

Fighting may have higher ambitions than simply being a film about a load of dudes beating the snot out of each other, but it never manages to constrain us of that. It wants us to believe that this is a realist film, but also accept the idea that New York has a high-level network of illegal street-fighting

competitors. It tries to present Shawn as a conflicted soul, but never really gives the character any chance to learn about or redeem himself. And it takes the idea of masculinity very seriously indeed, almost as if the filmmakers don't realise that *Pulp Fiction* is a satire.

It's lifted slightly by the performances of Howard and Tatum, even though the latter's delivery is more Stallone than De Niro. But even *Fight Club's* narrative had a redemptive arc. *Fighting*

progresses to a dramatic showdown without once finding real *Ava* meat, the overwhelming impression is of a violent version of *Stop the Music*. *Our Boys*. *Dan Stewart*

Indifferent It: Fighting But Shawn packed a punch. **•**

Biggest *Ava* high but there's little there. **•**

Is It Right? Less an appeal than a sly in the box. **•**

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LUDIVINE SAGNIER: MORE THAN JUST A PRETTY FACE

INTERVIEW BY MATT BOCHENSKI

SELECT FILMOGRAPHY LUDIVINE SAGNIER

Le Petit Chaperon rouge (1997)
Le Secret (1998)
Le Silence (1999)
Belles (1999)
Pouette (2001)
Béatrice Peinture (2002)
Elles (2003)
Nouvelles Vérités (2005)

Younger siblings are annoying. That's a fact. But if you thought that being embarrassed in front of your friends was as bad as it gets, spare a thought for Delphine Saglier.

Delphine wanted to be an actress. She went to a few auditions. Then, one day her mom was coming along to see what it's all about. Eight-year-old and in the mood of mood that only little girls are supposed to be, she's slinking around the corridor with a face on when somebody spots her. "I didn't want to be an actress [but] someone saw me and said, 'Hey you! Little sulking girl, do you want to do an audition?' I said, 'Yeah, okay.' And they hired me."

Just like that. Anybody who's still in awe that the world is about fairness, hold onto it, just in case little brother looks away now. This is a story about talent, yes, but it's also about the cool, hard facts of life – when the good fortune to be golden-haired and a siren, Delphine got an instant huge part.

It would take Ludwine Saglier another 10 years until she became an actress, when François Ozon cast her in *Where Dogs Go to Bark* (2000) as a seemingly innocent young girl learning about the power of sex. That film was the precursor to the before Saglier's unforgettable turn in *Swimming Pool* (2003) where, duly supported by a litany ofstriped bikinis, she caught the attention of the world as the steamingly sex-juicy, a role that now has compared to Brigitte Bardot.

But that was all to come for the sulking little sister. Since then, Saglier never saw acting as a major. Her parents kept her in school, only allowing her out in the holidays. "So me," she explains, "feeling like someone trying to act with adults." If that sounds like adding need to injury, apparently Delphine forgives her: "She's not annoyed, she's proud because she didn't make it an actress. We're doing well," Ludwine promises.

Before becoming Ozon's muse, Saglier enrolled in university and studied literature. But it didn't last. She dropped out to do a stage tour, then a short film that caught the director's imagination. Now, she describes him as "a brother. We're the same blood." But although it was Ozon who propelled her into the top ranks of contemporary French actresses, by the time *Swimming Pool* hit the screen, he was the director who had done more than anybody to put Saglier in a gilded cage.

She has spoken in the past of her desire to do smart, challenging work, and a quick glance at her CV suggests she isn't holding. But the powerful are the images of Saglier that Ozon created, so alive with the promise of youth and innocence and sex and stilettos, it's been difficult for her to shed that image of the quiescent blonde bombshell – the one that the cameras love to gaze at, but no one's too keen to listen to.

"I'm not surprised that the American poster for *The Girl With the Pearl Earring* that wouldn't be less sexy if it itself showed Sagier perched on all fours in her underwear – humiliating, legs flowing, cleavage exfoliated. As Sagier moves on as an actress, the representation of her ways the same. And if it's due in part to an audience that is still spellbound by her looks, it's also

the fault of the marketers who know that sex – and Saglier – sells.

She's learned through experience to become mangleme about it. "When *Swimming Pool* went out, it's true then I was afraid because I don't consider myself a sex symbol and suddenly I didn't understand why people had confused me with the character," she says. "But in a way, now that I'm a grown up, I'm kind of proud of that."

The important thing for Saglier is that the audience's expectations don't influence the role that she takes. She goes to *The Secret* (2002), a film by another long-time collaborator, Claude Miller, in which she plays a "sleazy, dirty" Jewish woman in Occupied France while the more glamorous (and, yes, a sex symbol) goes to *Créole De France*. "I don't mind if it helps the movie," she says, of *The Girl With the Pearl*'s less-than-stellar poster, "and I don't mind what people think because I'm completely satisfied."

Or maybe not. There must be some creative impulse left unfulfilled by cinema because the big news for Saglier is that she's working on her first album. If that weren't shift down the scale of right-thinking people (she's following in the footsteps of Scarlett Johansson and Milla Jovovich, after all), it's a recognition that Saglier deserves. Talking about her music (she's up to 10 songs), she doesn't actually talk about singing, which would be too much to take. Her natural confidence underscores and she becomes almost apologetic. "It's hard to see myself as a singer because it's not a singer," she says with discerning honesty. "The ideal thing would be just to release the album for myself and my family to have fun. The thing is, as it is, it's more, I will have to release it for the audience but it's not my goal, you know? My goal is to have fun recording it."

Ya that end, she's started work with Future Cat, the godheads behind *Ulysses* in a first album, but having given birth to a second child just a few months ago (of which there is no sign at all on her five-deep-three-deep face), she's in no rush. "I've slowed down a little because of my baby and all that, so I'm not going to release it tomorrow."

Before then there's the publicity tour for *The Girl With the Pearl*. We're running out of time, but there's just long enough to run the happy staircase by telling out over her shoulder, *Gabrielle*. Claude Chabrol would be a movie drama in a pale mockery of female sexuality, which Saglier never the less defends robustly. "I definitely wouldn't let myself go like this," she says of Gabrielle's audacious grid of being deprived the joys of a wrinkle penis (and the old man afflicted to it), but I understand. "If when you fall in love, you just don't have any references any more – experience won't help. You can fall into the trap so easily."

And given that Saglier is as much more than just a pretty face, it's only fair to let her have the final say.

The full transcript of this interview will be available online in the week of the film's release.



THE GIRL CUT IN TWO

Adult

18+ 100 min
Romantic, Drama, Thriller
French, English, French, English



In the opening scene of *Claude Chabrol's The Girl Cut in Two*, a romantic aria from Puccini's *Turandot* is offset by a violent blood-red slay. It's just the first in a series of intense juxtapositions between passion and sex, male and female, Puccini and Béatrice. But none of these conflicts will be resolved conveniently in a story that although based on facts, is dramatically twisted from the real world.

This is an adult, artless, bare of repression and liberates, playing out their coy performances in soft-padded chair and country scenes. It's a world where an amateur TV presenter can be lured into bed by a wrinkled widow. Where physical assault is no barrier to romance. And where the only cure for a broken heart is another good fuck.

That TV presenter is Gabinette (Audrey Tautou), a perky weather girl who catches the eye of wealthy novice Charles (François Berleand). Charles is a man who lies to be surrounded by 'beauty', which means an

androgynous invention on the customs of the city and a publicist modelled on a blow-up doll. Of course, the film being directed by a 74-year-old French director, Gabinette finds him thoroughly arid, and the pair are soon squabbling in his bed. A scene, where she invades the home/flat of performance in blowjobs on the old staffer without unzipping, shows herded rats and Paul (Benoît Magimel), who despises the erratic Charles, but also falls in love with Gabinette. Despite the fact that Paul is quite obviously psychotic, Gabinette can't say 'no' to the new man in her life, and when Charles dumps her the stage is set for a series of dark events no one could

Although relatively chaste, Chabrol has said that *The Girl Cut In Two* is his first porn film. It's all about sex, baby—with Gabinette playing victim-type in the doe-eyed submissive being introduced (knowingly) to the world of adulthood, which in this case means passing peacock feathers in storage places and allowing

Charles' dick mess to 'lose a go'.

We're willing, until territory is to Steven Shulman's Secretary, but far from showing that there's erotic charge for tenderness, or transgression, Chabrol's porno is about as easy as a tea return. Squeezed into Berleand's bare all, the choreography of two mannequins being jolted together. When they kiss, it looks like an aside spring inappropriately with his knees. And Magimel plays Paul as the kind of unerring rock idol as arf-ed in as self (try hard cliché) that it's impossible he can get it up at all.

Chabrol is one of the great survivors of the New Wave, but this is an old man's film. The Oedipal conflict between Paul and Charles is floundered against a resentful, pernicious lot of the young, while Gabinette is a poor advertisement for the modern woman. A twenty-first century girl, she nevertheless chooses herself as the first two rich girls to flesh their walkies, despite the fact that one of them practically tries to rape

her on the first date. "Everybody makes me a bit," she complains, before spending the rest of the film acting like one. If she really thought that Charles was going to leave his wife—or who confidently left her mom—never mind being cut in two, she needs a lobotomy.

And on the subject of that metaphor, by the end of the film it's been so steadily confirmed that there might as well be a fishing never sign that finally spells it out. But that is not the world – this place of dangerous liaisons, simple dualities and upon cruel possibilities. "Life is not easy for most people," opines Charles. "Oh, look off," you'll reply. Miss Hochwald.

Atmosphere. Gasp! Quoted line of from *New Wave* director who's not just all working for atmosphere. ☺

Keywords. Soprano is German but the rest of the film is French so mixed media are welcome ☺

Inflamed. In the way we interpret. A standing off ☺



DRAG ME TO HELL

DRAG ME TO HELL



Sam Rockwell was born to make hole-in-the-wall-explosion films, but since the mid-90s he's been too busy lifting up shiny studio product to bother. The question, after the sniffling *Spider-Man* series, is now whether he'll ever go back to the basics of *Bad Moon* style lo-fi – the classless equivalent of Sir Alan Parker having another crack at being a bawdy boy – but whether he'll ever make another film which refines its round-off its rough edges in the name of Hollywood homogeny.

The answer, happily, is a resounding 'yes'. Owing as much to *Looney Tunes* as the J-horror films he's recently been repackaging for suburban-sour Sarah Michelle Gellar fans, Rockwell's return to the splatter genre is absolutely unashamedly mental. Terrifying in places, somnambulantly stupid in others, it's a riot from *Get Smart* to *ADHD* fresh.

A former lady-with-one-eye on the cake-shop window and the other on rapture and torment, Christine (Alison Lohman) is a lone admirer trying to break the glass ceiling in the Boys'-Goin' world of banking. She's got a nice boyfriend (Graham Long) and a cute kitten (although whether either of them will make it to the end credits is questionable to say the least), all a bright and shiny *WALL-E*-ish and well. Until that is, a gummy-faced geyser like Garnach (Lorna Raver) arrives on the scene.

With her gleaming glass eye, spatter-faced cough and sickly, nicotine-stained fingers, Miss Garnach is a dead cert for a Best Supporting Creme of the Year award. Unfortunately for just about all concerned, Christine refuses to extend the old lady's home loan to prove to her boss (David Paymer) that she's a get the

stones for promotion – even as Garnach gets down on her knees and begs. Big mistake. After an already eye-popping send-off down a speedway car park, Garnach comes Christine with a 'Lemite', a spirit meant on dragging her – well, you can guess the rest.

Or can you? Amid the campy plot twists, phoney *Wall-E*-esque sequences and general lunacy, Rockwell's refusal to back down leads to some truly geysering scenes. Besides various manifestations of vomiting, huge, toothily grinning her face, Lohman is encircled by lassos, pores, shadows, flesh, CGI horde, falling peans and a possessed cake, as buckets of blood, gore and embalming fluid splash across the screen. These two let up, as even when what you are seeing is potently hideous, the tension never dissipates into darkness.

Admittedly, there's such as, "Get

your filthy pig knuckle off my desk!" right round hemis coming from the cleft chin of Bruce Campbell, Gong and some of the supporting cast on the side of enormous, and the climactic scence is more *Batman* than *Blair Witch*, but this is still a Technicolor cheese nightmare that will stay with you for years.

For once, the repeated *Bad Moon* jokes aren't redundant references to former glories. Rockwell has an unerring grasp of horror-film grammar and his return to form is an exclamation mark, indeed, of the first order. *Mat Gladby*

Badguy, Rock has left away from his spiritual home to bring *It's The Return* of the *Blitz Project*

Biggity, Australian band *It's Just Rock*

It Returns, *Every Witch Way* *But Love*

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KEN LOACH: THE GENUINE ARTICLE

INTERVIEW BY ELLEN E JONES

SELECT FILMOGRAPHY KEN LOACH

Land and Freedom (1995)
Reckless Kid (1996)
Dr Who the Duke of Berlin (2000)
Bitter月亮 (2001)
Wrestling with the Devil (2003)
Land and Freedom (2004)
Land and Freedom (2005)
Land and Freedom (2006)

Somewhere on the outskirts of Soho is an inconspicuous green door squeezed between two tall, lead-lit-swinga. Behind this door is a narrow staircase that leads up past the offices of Bitter Moon to a light, airy studio room, as evidenced by the piles of files and boxes, in used, mostly for storage, and just occasionally for an interview with Ken Loach, the film director and co-founder of *Cartoon*.

Now, in his new office, Loach is a giant of the British film industry. Revered both here and on the continent, he could, if he chose, fill lecture theatres with adoring film students, or reward an army of nameless hankies to do his bidding or nudge park visitors in a director's chair and bark orders through a megaphone. Yet as he sits down to begin the interview, his manner is as humble as a monk's and he speaks as softly that the *Deathphone* struggles to pick up his voice.

Everything about Ken Loach is a rejection of the Hollywood notion of dream-making. For him, there is no hope, no glamour, no star, no giant sets and no crew of thousands. "The little bit of the American industry malaise it sound like the last place you'd want to go and work," he says. "I just don't find it attractive. I don't find the work they do interesting. I find it predictable. If the last film you're interested in read you wouldn't go to a haberdashery chain. And nobody is interested a lot of what is in there, anyway."

Since his debut feature, *Peterloo* (1981), Loach has made historical dramas like the Spanish Civil War film *Land and Freedom* (1995) as controversial as *Prime Minister* *The Wind That Shakes the Barley* (2006), as well as more intimate tales of personal struggle like *My Name is Joe* (1990) and *Kei* (1988). Despite differences in period and location, all have shared a naturalistic style, a social consciousness and a desire to put the lives of ordinary working people at centre. And now during this time of mass unemployment and economic crisis – a plume Loach period if ever there was one – he has decided to make a film about *Ken Cartoons*.

"It just began with the idea of working with Eric," says Loach. "We were put in touch by a French producer called Pascal Gauthier, and we met and despite being very aesthetes, by meeting this legendary figure, Paul Laverty, the writer, and I thought, 'What film can we make that will really do justice to him?'"

The answer was *Land and Freedom*, the story of poet and Man of the Iron Bishop (Glenys Kinnaird), who realises the benefits of relying on friends and co-starriers when his life starts spiralling out of control. *Ken Cartoons*, playing himself, appears as a figment of Bishop's troubled mind to deliver nuggets of (unapologetically cynical) wisdom.

It's a brilliantly funny, moving film, and Loach, a devoted supporter of Bath City FC, managed to extricate the negativity of *Cartoon's* belligerent arrangement to those without the slightest interest in the game. But doesn't this invention of a celebrity contradict Loach's film's usual insistence on the importance of ordinary lives? "Well, I hope it worked the other way. By showing *Cartoon* as someone very human and fallible who

can take the malice out of himself, it made him seem human rather than turning him into a celebrity," he says.

In fact, more than a combination of *Cartoon* in particular, *Land and Freedom* is a celebration of football in general – its power to unite otherwise disparate people, to evoke both elation and despair within a single framework, and to offer an escape from everyday drudgery. But if football can do that, why can't cinema? Certainly no one would ever describe a Loach film as unenjoyable. "I think that involves cinema," says Loach. "If you take it seriously, like a book or like poetry or visual art, one of the points of cinema can be to understand why things are bad. They are not acts of God. You want to be able to understand why things are bad, because you get a strengthened. If you're set between lovely things and bad and all, cinema does in distract your attention, then that's pretty useless really. You might as well have a lobotomy."

Unsurprisingly, Loach doesn't have much time for mainstream Hollywood output and says he rarely goes to the cinema. "No – I just get invited by [Hollywood films]. Maybe that's in my bones, but I don't [go to the cinema]. If you sit at football, if your team wins, that does keep you going to the next game, it really does. And I can't remember the last time I had that feeling in a cinema. I remember enjoying films but not that sense of anticipation."

Yet while *Eric*, *Desktop*, or *Ken Cartoons* or *Joe Kinnear* from *My Name is Joe*, or most of the people that populate his films, would probably go to the football and might pop into their local multiplex, it's hard to imagine them queuing up to see the latest Ken Loach. Doesn't he worry that his reputation as a left-wing filmmaker means he'll end up appealing to the same people?

"I don't know, I think that's just inevitable, really. I mean, the thing is, the people that tend to go to see independent films or non-mainstream Hollywood films will tend to be more radical anyway, so it's almost a self-selecting group."

Which is a shame because while avoiding the exploitation of *Land and Freedom* are probably an acquired taste, much of his output is as funny and moving as any average drama – and is thousands times more genuine. Loach says he's oblivious to how he's popularly perceived, but he will admit there's a problem. "I'd be really pleased never to read the word 'arty' again. You need an audience to come in without preconception and just enjoy what's there," he argues.

There's certainly a hell to enjoy in *Land and Freedom*. In fact, thanks to *Cartoon's* presence, the film's humour and the splitting split of sensibilities, it's easily Loach's most commercial film yet. It might even be a hit. Though Loach, naturally, is a sucker to take credit. "I've got the least commercial sense of anybody in the industry, so I never get excited at that level," he admits. "No, the excitement of making it is to work with *Cartoon* and Paul on a subject like this."

The full transcript of the interview will be available online on the week of the film's release.



LOOKING FOR ERIC



BBC
2



Ken Loach, master of worthy plonk and social realism. Admirable, but not much fun on a Friday night at the multiplex – right? Wrong. *And Looking For Eric* is the film that will prove it. As you likely already know as it is politically relevant, it's the feel-good hit of the summer. No, seriously.

Eric Hepko (played by local Mancunian actor Steve Riddell) is a postman and Man U supporter on the brink of a nervous breakdown. He never got over his disease from his first wife; his second wife has left him in loco parents for two wayward stepsons, and now he is having visions of Eric Cantona. Is this the last sign of madness? Or are the two worlds of the chameleonic Frenchman just what Eric needs?

It's often forgotten, but many of

Loach's films contain humour – the football pitch name in *Get Carter* among the comedic greats – but you'd have to go back to 1991's *BFN* for something as laugh-out-loud funny as *Looking For Eric*. John Bishop's title foray from the Post Office job is great in itself, the de-facto leader of Hepko's ping of belly-pomps. Between them they come up with a very out of Hepko's fit, and it's from their antics together that the film derives much of its humour and humour. This isn't just a little easier to swallow the bitter pill of Loach's message, though. It is like *Contagion* sans sap. "You must trust your teammates. Always."

So he's Bill Murray. Then just when you think you're watching a familiar tale of male overindulgence, the plot veers off in a wonderfully

unexpected direction. Loach and his screenwriter Lee夷 have introduced thriller-esque plotlines before with less success. The parasite elements of *My Name Is Joe* is Joe is like game film alone played in an otherwise realistic film. This time, though, they make the villainous (never Loach's most nuanced characters) work by minimising their on-screen time, and seeking to action which looks entirely plausible in modern-day Mancunian.

You expect major plot revelations from Loach, but *Looking For Eric* also has all the twiffling charm of a jilted ex-addict. The meeting of Cantona is (more or less) in itself, but his role as a kind of therapist-cum-guardian angel also injects an exhilarating mix of *Orphan*-esque whimsy. It's an

odd combo, but it works.

Successful on several levels, *Looking For Eric* is powerful enough to satisfy Loach's logorrhea, and appealing enough to win over everyone else – if they would only go to see it. As Ken Loach has spent a life just demonstrating, there's little juice in this world, but if there's one, this would be a massive, massive hit. *Eric* ill Jones

Andrea *Fracture* (and other such awful clichéd going this Christmas) is a fine Loach film? The few have to see.

Benjamin It got all the buzz and most of the attention recently, despite being of the absoluteolutely dullest with zero of the absolute probability.

In Rehearsed We're already on the 2010 set of this film.



RUDO Y CURSI

REVIEW
JULY 2013

BRUNO
JULY 2013



With *Rudo Y Cursi*, the three stars of the Mexican New Wave – Alfonso Cuarón, Alejandro González Iñárritu and Guillermo del Toro – have turned their hand to producing. And while this film doesn't quite live up to the heights of *Acción Perry*, *El Maestro Tambor* and the like, Carlos Cuarón's Mexican box office smash has to necessarily written through a bit of a sick of rock.

Carsten penned *Y Tu Mamá También* having been... and screenwriter Carsten turns again to a double-handled plot steering (Geoff Givord (Beno) and Diego Luna). They play manic half-brothers Beno (Luna) and Tato (Bernal) whose life consists of normal work on a banana plantation sharing a home with their extended family and hours of football for kicks. In short, they are emblematic working-class Mexicans.

There is a banner fuelled but unstable relationship – until a silent scowl (who also serves as

the film's deeply issue narrated) ensues the scene with the promise of professional football representation, but only for one of them. Playful "Kasper Beno" minus on-a-penny shootout for a decide and since his football ambitions outweigh would-be singer Tato's, enormous things to go his way. Of course, they don't.

So Tato goes to the big smoke to play football and hopefully make it as a singer too, although his voice leaves something to be desired (or a like). Mexican John Berresford. A laudable Beno is left behind with his wife and child, but soon makes away to join his brother, turning pro for an opposing team. It is here they earn their nicknames – Beno as Rudo (rough) for his aggressive style, and Tato as Cursi (priest) for his elegant footwork – and embark on a lifestyle that better moneyed football stars.

Rudo Y Cursi is a raw-of-the-nail tale about the perils of maturing

but the silent and possessive of the lead duo gives the film a raw energy Beno and Tato resemble than on-screen chemistry from *Y Tu Mamá También*, creating a pair of compelling characters who endure both highs and humiliations as they assemble for a better life.

Despite their sudden riches, Beno and Tato can't escape the trappings of their modest roots. Beno can't control his greed, while Tato goes straight for a hungry girlfriend who has him wrapped around her finger in no time. It's an anti-area of may that Beno calls an old friend in back at his sister's wedding, even as he pursues a pro career in all its gaudy glory. Money can't buy them class.

Despite being marga football, this we never see Rudo or Cursi in action – the film cuts instead to a very conversatory from the match. And it is not without its darker moments, like the boy's initiation into their respective teams. There's

dropping the soap in the shower) or the trouble Beno's gambling addiction gets him into. As well as showing brotherly comradery, *Rudo Y Cursi* also touches on the rough ways boys sometimes treat each other.

Whether the moral of the film is not to stretch beyond-one's limits is debatable, the tone is far from patently. It is a tale of two heart-like Mexican boys flinched with rough around the edges production values and lots of energy whose appeal will stretch to those fans who wouldn't normally park themselves in front of a subtitled film. Laura Bushell

BRUNO: The evolution of life & the life of Mexican movie – should be great.

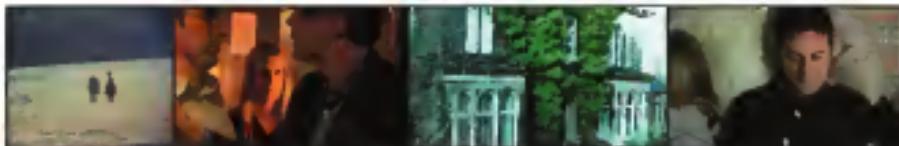
BRUNO: Surprisingly quite judgmental it is regarding *Without Benito* and *Luna* – would bring a dog.

BRUNO: Enjoy it for what it is – a well acted and inspiring trip into Mexican culture.

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JAMIE JAY JOHNSON: THE MAKING OF

INTERVIEW BY MATT BOCHENSKI

FILMOGRAPHY
JAMIE JAY JOHNSON

DEB MIRCHANDANI

It all started when Jamie Jay Johnson, a 28-year-old graduate of St. Martin's College in London, broke both his legs. Convalescing at home, periodically with the remote-control out of reach, he watched the 2008 Eurovision Song Contest conclude with a victory for French makeup maven Lodj Harooghy. Already shrewd in a number of small-scale documentaries on everything from boom ABC owners to the BAFTA-nominated *Holiday*. Amend My Gedächtnis – both of which shared an affectionate comic sensibility – a light bulb went off in his head.

"I thought Eurovision had gone beyond that point-of-view level," he says today. "It could make a really good catalyst for that kind of doc." He wrote a treatment for BBC Films who loved the idea but had a number of Eurovision projects already in the pipeline. Undeterred, Johnson told them about a strange offshoot of the adult competition that had started in 2004: Junior Eurovision grew out of a Scandinavian pop fest test, and invited participating countries to send a representative aged between 10 and 15 years-old to perform their own original material in front of a TV audience. Given this was documentary gold dust, "I found out about this from a German girl who did a song called 'Better Dead Than Pink' about living a Ghengis Khan kind of life," recalls Johnson. "And the Spanish girl who did a song called 'Mother Dead Then Pink' about living a Ghengis Khan kind of life. And I was just, like, 'This is really needed!'

Armed with a new treatment, Johnson approached all of the production companies he knew ("would it be a good idea to start a search to shoot a pilot for this festival? Eventually, the Film Council came through and he was off to Malmö, expecting to find a weird type for press tour and jealousy.

Only it didn't work out that way. After he'd seen the concert up close, "I kind of realised that it wasn't about pretty parents and it wasn't about really attractive kids," he says. "Actually they had a really great time, and I thought, 'This is a good vehicle for exploring growing up and cultural differences and lots of different things!'"

When the obvious model for this kind of documentary was the *Catfish* *Kidnapping* – a perfect Johnson knew he had a chance to do something different. "I didn't want to be about a kid who wanted to be famous because I just thought, you know, there's still about that on tally every night," he says. "I wanted it to be much more a celebration, and about something more universal. About growing up or about what's really important to these kids – the questions. It was really an opportunity to get the window into what these kids are actually thinking."

The result is a warm, funny and profoundly sympathetic documentary about the pleasure and pain of childhood that won Johnson – and therefore his audience – made a real emotional connection with the kids in the competition. We focus on four main acts, each one with a narrative thread that proves to be eloquent and profound in its own way.

And that is down to more than just luck on the filmmaker's part. Johnson embarked on a grueling schedule to make sure he picked the right host for his documentary – cross-crossing Europe from audition to audition, network

trial to national trial, interviewing a bewildering number of kids to see which ones would be right for the final cut. "I went to 14 different countries over about six weeks, which was really exhausting," he recalls. "Shooting a couple of days rehearsals and interviewing the kids. That would be where I would say, 'Okay, where's this kid interested in? What's their story? What's their background? Are they somebody I feel I can relate to or will open up?'

Then, he says, was a period of "back-breaking" work, "carrying a fucking tripod that I never used through the whole thing. It was fucking long, long days." At one point, he got desperate enough to appeal to his production company for reinforcements – something he was denied. "They were like, 'No, you can't do that. It's your relationship with the kids.' And they were right," he admits.

After choosing a final four, Johnson spent time in their homes, getting to know the kids and their families, which was where the tone of the film – its poignancy and observational honesty – really took shape. "Like the scene in which a little girl tries to explain to her how proud she is of her brother. 'I was strong and her mom was a writer every, and when she said it I started weeping up,' he recalls with a laugh. "I looked over at her mom and we were both wrong a little bit, and it was no ridiculous but it was really amazing."

If there's a question hanging over the film, it's about Johnson's journalistic integrity. He admits that it was difficult to stay objective. "I think I've got the tendency to be too nice," he says. "I know that other documentary makers would probably be more brutal and ask harder questions and do better." But then, that isn't really the point of *Beauties Like These*. Spent is a celebration rather than an inquiry, and there's no making learning, even triumph, about Johnson's personal investment.

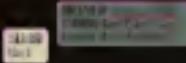
With 200 hours of footage edited down, the film was finished in time for Toronto, only to be comparatively overshadowed by Danny Boyle's *Slumdog Millionaire*. "Loads of people were like, 'You're going to get the Audience Award,'" recalls Johnson. "Then I went to a screening of *Slumdog* that was 1,000 people, three standing ovations, and I was like, 'I don't think we're actually going.'

The film's lack of festival success is a weird point. He got that kind of Man-on-Wire or *King of Kong* vibe that should make it a crowd-pleasing hit. But the film has only been to four festivals – an oversight on the part of production company Number 9. "It's really depriving for me because this is my first feature and it's proud impress for me to go to festivals and try and promote the film," Johnson ventrils. "It's been, like, three year's work so I may as well try and get it out of it." But awards don't mean everything. *Beauties Like These* Spent might not be as gallantized as it could, perhaps should be, but as the film itself shows, winning isn't everything. "These kids are so pure, and so innocent," says Johnson. "It's really lovely just to revisit that, and spend time with them."

The full transcript of this interview will be available online in the week of the film's release.



SOUNDS LIKE TEEN SPIRIT



If you've never heard of the Junior Eurovision Song Contest, don't worry; you're in good company. It may well be the last song its 10th year and, considered a TV audience of 2.5 million, it's left four it – none of those viewers are British. Because this is Europe's television festival, a spin-off of that movement to maximalism, where underground extremes win songs about love and hope only to be dispatched like cartoon bodies into a non-existent land of commercial cynicism, the *Eurovision Song Contest*, more like.

There's a mixture of music, suspicion, triumphal anthropomorphism and finely honed nose for European foolishness. We've kept Our Boys (and Girls) well clear of this festivistic miasma. But one brave filmmaker has entered the French, pungent bowels of the 2007 competition to expose the whole event as the corporate sham of childhood-ending hypocrisy it is obviously.

Only, here's the twist: it's not *Sounds Like Teen Spirit* as, in fact, a cultish memoir of youthful

opulence, bromance of women, bravado and a charming, cheering honesty. It's the most involving thing to emerge from Eurovision since Chengdu's frogs.

Much of the credit for that goes to director Jamie Lee Johnson. It has comedy and affection, but so much for the competition but for the kids themselves that provides the film with its bewowing heart. He follows four acts from national final to big night, and you catch help but not for all of them.

There's虎 (there delusions, a grammar school) includes Lazarus, a jangly clown who, at 15, is at the upper limit of the contest's age range. In Georgia we meet Mame, a young girl with the air of an adult whose difficult life is informed by the bullet-scarred walls of her home. Mame is a 16-year-old bulgarian – beautiful, popular and non – who hopes that her dad will see her on television and come home. And there's Georgia, a 16-year-old Olympos (that's at school); he hopes to prove something to himself through the contest.

But it's not how it sounds. This

isn't a heart-warming tale of struggle against the odds; it's not about the country integration of Lazarus, or the schism between rich and poor; it's not about the ethics of competition or beauty pageant prioritism; it's not about patriotic parents or national pride. All these ideas are floating around the ether of Johnson's film, like as it can, it's pondering much more compelling and universal.

Sounds Like Teen Spirit is a film about the simple pleasure and exquisitely pained of childhood. Her where childhood is elsewhere is so often something to be shrugged off – a way station on the road to somewhere better – here, Johnson asks us to recognize the precursors of childhood for my own sake for that brief point when innocence and shyness continue to create something that, as cheesy and clichéd and Euroviroid as it sounds, is beautiful.

For all that the film is shot with a wry sense of absurdity, Johnson doesn't mock or judge these kids. And while he might have chosen his subjects because they echo movie archetypes, they're recognisable as

people. There aren't the lovable losers of *Spelling Bee*, or the high-school seniors of *American Pie*. They're normal kids captured in a point of transition to uncertain manning, acting and speaking in ways that are more truthful and funny and affecting than a scripted movie could hope to be.

Sounds Like Teen Spirit is a joyously popular piece of filmmaking that weaves its heart on its sleeve. Johnson has managed to articulate something simple but profound in a shamelessly uplifting documentary that never resorts to manipulation to tap the homeopathies. And as for Junior Eurovision – who's up for a British entry next year? Me! (Bekah)

Julianne A directorial debut. *Junior Eurovision* (2007) is in BFI Southbank.

Opposite: An uplifting project. *Our Boys* and uplifting outside of the power of music and drama to touch your life.

In Disguise Perhaps Johnson could have used more determined questions about the ethics of the competition, but there's an intermission.

Extending their sights beyond American academies, *Sugar* is the assured follow-up from Half-Nelson's winning director Dan Agra. Boden and Ryan Fleck, continuing their analysis of contemporary American life and the ordinary folk struggling to retain its finer nuances, the pair also delves into ever-vigilant dreams, cultural barriers and exploration.

Plucked from poverty in the Dominican Republic, and seemingly blessed with a God-given talent, Miguel "Sugar" Santos (Alfonso Fierros) soon wins a spot in spring training in Arizona with a minor league baseball team. Subsequently recruited to a minor league in Iowa, Sugar, who speaks hardly any English, soon finds that he is ill

engaged for a life far from home.

Reversing the traditional arc of the sports drama – and that is a film about baseball only in the sense that *Hoop Dreams* was a film about basketball – with no much to money and self-realisation, *Sugar* instead focuses on the flipside: injury, potential unfulfilled and profound disappointment. And yet despite these factors, the film never becomes monotonous in its depiction of disillusion. *Sugar* also finds time for the small but significant acts of compassion and human

kindness that give pause for thought, and even for hope.

Brilliantly shot by Andréi Pienaar, and seriously scored by Michael Brook, Fleck and Boden also maintain the thread of interconnectedness that defined *Half-Nelson*, allowing the audience to endure both the physical and the spiritual journey their protagonist undertakes. Recreated by the director on a lengthy research trip to the Dominican Republic (the film was meticulously planned), *Pecce Sono* (I'm *Sugar*) is a potent authenticity

and naturalism, abiding brightly in the central role, Jason West.

Reception: Anne Boden and Ryan Fleck's *Half-Nelson* is one of the most intelligent US indie films in recent memory. ◎

Debate: *Forrest Gump* has been the butt of too many insights and snarky aspersions. ◎

In Bragiad: Pigeon and toothily perched *Agrippina* rules out Pucci in a quiet stretch of the unlikely life of the Roman empress. ◎

O'HURTON

In this mildly charming, stiffly naive exploration of unhappy ageing, Odd Hansen (Bjørn Dørål) lives his life by the rat race. But he's sick of kitchen tasks, directly onto the line on which he works as an engine driver) and figuratively (his daily routine is as regular and predictable as Norway's transport system. As he heads into retirement, there is no suggestion of misery in his life, but there's no joy either – just disappointment. It's etched onto Horton's face. In a severely depressed smile, an acknowledgment that, though the majority of his life is behind him, he's yet to experience the best of it.

When a muted rain thunders his window-sill out of glee, Hansen, the drunken Dr



Steiner (Eugen Slothjem) wheezes philosophy – "Everything comes too late in life; therefore nothing does too" – imparts the old man to pull himself out of his-decades-long stupor.

Beyond the hackneyed quality of Bent Hansen's script, the film benefits from the central and commanding approach of his collaborators. Production designer Karl Åström has drawn on Sam Peckinpah's *Lynch* for the look of his movie: all dark and glamourous or deep green

sophistication. The film whizzes by a disconcerting palette of fast techniques that erases Hansen's own feelings on the path to life hastening.

In sound design likewise, illustrations of protagonist's state of mind. The first 30 minutes are dominated by the repetitive thud of man can rolling over in his bed, and insistent noise that off but does not let Hansen moves further away from his old life, realising that he he can wherever he wants to be, even that life in the grave.

A skilled and gentle piece of film-making – it's just a shame that the storyline is as cold and dead as Hansen himself. Bitterly Bland

Reception: Ulrichsen's Hansen has got an early start if it's to be better. Based on a weak life. ◎

Debate: *Oldboy* is indeed hyperbolic material (just like *O*).

In Bragiad: *25* is an odd sort of the most from the 11-20 from *Briggo* to *Smash* (not *Luther* Top). ◎



It's hard to believe that there are any highbrow Holocaust novels yet to be plundered by Hollywood. Perhaps Baggage Pins will put an end to the trend. Based on Canadian Anne Michaels' Orange Prize-winner, the film touches on themes of survivor guilt but only manages to muddle the deep psychological water.

After witnessing the death of his parents and his older sister's abdication by Nazi guards, Polish-born Jakob (newcomer Robbie Kay) flees his family home. He is unshaven, quivering, half-bared and corpse-like in a pile of leaves by Greek archaeologist Arios (Bože Serbedžija), who unearths him no notice, island and keeps him in hiding throughout the war.

The ambling opening sequence gives way to a hitherto unannounced of the middle-aged Jakob's (Stephen Dillane) sorry life. The childhood scenes are the most compelling with Kay's largely wordless performance conveying the physically and emotionally stunting effects of his early trauma. Tellingly, Jakob only pipes up when, after the war he and Arios move to Crete and he overhears his new neighbours speaking Yiddish.

Despite a rich premise, the soul-searching of the older Jakob

is, at best, curiously colourless; at worst, positively galling. This is in no way helped by the paper-thin characterisation of his first-arrived wife, Alia (Rosamund Pike), whom Jakob married in the doomed hope of curing his gloomy dementia. Her unloving crudeness is sealed by flat-back monologues of their blooming relationship, which shows her buying and wearing (most of the shelf) necessities in a downpour, and gleefully delivering such astute announcements as, "I've learnt some Jewish!"

Once she's out of the way, Jakob is free to explore his identity with a little downtime in Greece, exorcising his ghosts and discovering the redemptive power of love. Who needs history when the movies tell it so much better? Begbie 3/5

Baggage Would it be wrong to feel a bit relieved that it's over? **●**

Regional Boys In Polish boys in Greek, boys in Crete **●**

In Bruges A darker shade of truce **●**

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CHARLIE KAUFMAN: EXPLORER

INTERVIEW BY MATT BOCHENSKI

FILMOGRAPHY CHARLIE KAUFMAN

Stuart Little (1999)
When in Doubt (1999) (as Writer/Screenwriter)
Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind (2004)
Synecdoche, New York (2008)
Inception (2010)

On a lot of things you'd expect Charlie Kaufman to say, "I don't consider myself a writer" into somewhere alongside "I'd love it if *Uwe Boll* directed one of my scripts." But we're not here and he's saying it and it's all gone a bit weird, Kaufman-esque.

Actually, he takes that word. He makes it his mission, in resistance to meaning. Which is weird, because he's in no position to enforce.

Charlie Kaufman has built his reputation on the elusive nature of his writing. As multi-layered, meta-fictional and mind-bending, his characters include a cyborg who finds a portal into the brain of a famous actor (*Being John Malkovich*, 1999), a young man raised in an ape orphanage (*Syncopation*, 2002), two lovers during their honeymoon (*Before Sunshine*), the Spokesman (*The Spokesman*, 2004), and now, in *Synecdoche*, New York, a theatre director who spends a lifetime proving Shakespeare meant that the world is a stage.

Maybe he's not a writer, after all. When put words on paper, Kaufman seems somehow to invent them with life, his own life, as if the pen were a miraculo knife, capable of de-writing parts of his soul. "I recognize first I have a desire writing screenplays and I make money out of that, and I've achieved a certain level of recognition for it, but it's weird to walk around saying that you're 'a writer,'" he explains. "It's like a definite mechanism, like, 'Oh, look, I'm a play, I'm a writer!'"

Instead, says Kaufman, he's "trying to explore my brain, or what I was as the experience that I'm having at that time of being a human being. That's why I feel this responsibility when I put something in the world—that it should be honest, and that makes me open to being wounded, but I feel like it's my job and I feel that if I'm not doing that then I'm cheating people and I'm putting garbage into the world. I don't feel obliged."

That are plenty of myths propagated about Charlie Kaufman: that he's media-cynic, scathingly. A lot of that comes from the Kaufman we see in *Adaptation*, where Michael Caine played him as a sweating, abumming bundle of nerves. But that isn't half the story.

He's already done a ton of US press for *Synecdoche*, much of it substantive. He hates the fact that it was seen as a failure at Cannes (where, like every other American film, it failed to find an distributor) and he's frustrated that some critics have taken a meeting to engage with it. But he's starting to realize out now, as the film finds a core, committed audience. "I'm hopeful that sometime soon we have an audience that's somewhat satisfied with it," he says. "I mean, the intention that they would do, but my work is done."

The attitude of trepidation remains, however. He's spent a long time refusing to discuss the "meaning" of the movie in the face of people who

haven't been able to let it go, and that led to "a lot of resistance when it opened in the United States." To Kaufman, "It could tell you what something means then there's no point in making it," which, to some people, just sounds like he doesn't know what it means at all.

The problem, he says, is that people have got too used to films that don't involve anything at all, that don't require the audience to bring anything to the table. His films, by contrast, are structured for a book—"You bring your life and your history and your memory and your priorities and your hopes and your thoughts and all that stuff. You can't help but do that. And the proof of that is that, if you read a book now and you read it next week, or you read it 10 years from now, it's a different book because you're different. And I'm trying for that as my goal."

Far from being the nervous, tortured artist, Kaufman is making a conscious, even courageous decision to step knowingly into the dark and see what happens. "I've got my experiences in the world, and in what I care as a very generous and vulnerable way I'm saying, 'These are the things I'm thinking about — maybe they're interesting to you or maybe they're not,'" he explains. "I'm not presumptuous. I mean, I'm hopeful I can make a connection with other people because I like that, you know? I like it when you give something of yourself and other people respond to it; it's compassionate. I'm not pretending anything. I'm really honestly trying to explore stuff that concerns me — in the world and my life and my history—and being a human being."

For somebody whose scripts are the genius juice powering a new generation of geek-pop video games, it's something of a shock to learn that Kaufman is 50 last year. He got his break in the early nineties, writing for forgettable sitcoms like *Get a Life* and *The Trouble*. With *Being John Malkovich* lauded in the mists of time as even an unmade spec script for *The Empire*, "it took me a long time to come out here. I was very scared of it, I was a very timid person in that way," Kaufman writes. Before writing, he worked for a lot of "punchlines," making five dollars an hour, but turning 30 gave him a new impetus. "It felt like the writing was on the wall in a way and I had to do something because this was gonna be my life, and it was a very difficult life. I mean, I couldn't really support myself and it wasn't fulfilling in any way, so, you know, I got the idea to be very tenacious and actually get it right."

It took two years of toil to get an agent and get his first writing published, and another eight until David O. Russell catapulted him into the big time. Now Kaufman is there to stay, not so much part of the economy as a whole different economic altogether.

The full transcript of this interview will be available online in the week of the film's release.



SYNECOCHE, NEW YORK

100 min. (2008) PG-13. Directed by Charlie Kaufman. Starring Philip Seymour Hoffman, Emily Watson, Catherine Keener, Matt Craven, and John C. Reilly. (VOD)



Is *Synecdoche, New York* self-indulgent? Perhaps. It's most definitely self-conscious. And self-referential, too. It's overcomplicated and interesting. It's patchy, bemused and pretentious. It's more than a Charlie Kaufman, and over-complicated, self-indulgent and interesting sort (just what he does, it's who he is).

But somewhere inside the hyper-awareness, the octopus-like *in-jokes*, the dry asides and clever quibbles in a real film, *Anamorphosis* and *metaparadox* like the sort of bold, far-fetched math

Caden Coward (Philip Seymour Hoffman) is a theater-director and hypochondriac. His wife, Adele (Catherine Keener), has left him to pursue her career as an actress in Berlin, taking their daughter, Olive, and her friend Mima (Jennifer Jason Leigh). After a failed affair with his assistant, Hazel (Gwendoline Monrose), Caden takes his trap to a vast warehouse in New York to work out a plan of an art installation that will "stare truth in the face". As two decades slip by, Caden will recreate a model of the city inside the warehouse, where a

concentric core of actors will play the actor playing the actor playing the actors in the story of his, their and our lives.

This is hardly to scratch the surface of a film whose structure is at once as self-contained as a Russian doll, and as free-flow as a fever dream. Its nearest contemporary is Haneke's *Kronen* (2005), but a better reference point might be Lynch's *Mulholland Drive*. While it's set at dusk as the nightmare, *Synecdoche* is powered by the same kind of opaque intelligence and uncompromising vision.

It's a vision of what, exactly? This is a film that doesn't yield its secrets easily. Instead, they're buried somewhere beneath, or perhaps within, the meta-mental layers stretched across the setting, sprawling camera

Kaufman is obsessed with the power of artifice. And it's not just that artful model city—the film is full of odd and interesting details that invite their own exploration. Look closely, and Kaufman's chronology is as cracked and splintered as his

kinetic dreamtime. A Zeppelin is rendered in all too-obvious CGI. Actors age with painfully transparent pretexts. A child's crimson salivous Caden's whooshes. Façade clowns tend citizens onto buses for "Parade!" Eye drops replace tears. A pearl falls from a tattoo. Abutting houses penetrate the film like a question mark.

But you say you're beginning to lose yourself completely in this world of aspens, toiles and facsimiles, the artifice begins to assume its own kind of truth. When there are so many ways of viewing, the difference between the "real" and the "factual" eventually shades into nothingness.

Whatever you make of it, you have to admire Kaufman's bold, baroque ambition. In *Synecdoche* the story of a man losing his grip on reality, or finding his place in it for the first time? Is it about a decline into madness? Or is it a blind leap into the unknown and unknowable depths of the soul?

Certainly, it's a film that keeps you at a distance, and that makes it difficult to suspend disbelief in

emotional as well as intellectual level. Avuncular and stern, Kaufman's direction is consistent with his writing. Scenes are short and nothing, dialogue is packed tight together, spit out of the mouth like rotten fruit.

Some people will hate it, and those people will be impossible to persuade. Morality is missing. To forgive my filmmaker for self-indulgence doesn't make sense. "You never really looked at yourself," says Hazel to Caden. In *Charlie Kaufman's* *Synecdoche*, he's looked at himself, at life and at death long and hard and honestly. And he deserves to be indulged. Matt Wiesenthal

Philippe, *Gratuit* is a unique voice albeit one that can be hard to decipher. And he's undoubtedly the same.

Opposites *Adaptation* is nothing like *Synecdoche*. It's that old, wearying packed-and-dirty family film.

In keeping *Synecdoche* demands to be observed and considered at length. Will that last? It's a thought-provoking film—if you can find time.



LAKE
TAHOE

ROB
JON

LAKE
TAHOE



The winner of the FIPRESCI prize (awarded by the International Federation of Film Critics) at last year's Berlin Film Festival, *Lake Tahoe* is the second film from young Mexican director Fernando Eknöck, a graduate of the prestigious Centro Universitario de Estudios Cinematográficos, and contemporary of Mexican filmmakers including Carlos Raygada, Alfonso Cuarón and Francisco Vargas. Similar in tone to *Dark Water*, Eknöck's suspenseful and addictive 2004 debut, this wholly assured return similarly concerns itself with the strong passage from adolescence to adulthood.

Set in a small harbour town somewhere in the Yucatan peninsula, *Lake Tahoe* takes place during a single day, beginning with a relatively non-dramatic car crash. The car in question belongs to

16-year-old Juan (Diego Cárdenas), who has had enough of his family problems, and in an attempt to escape is driving away and the owners of his motorcycle in his permit shiny new motor. During his attempt to find a mechanic capable of getting the vehicle back on the road, Juan has a number of escapades involving a lethargic dog, living reprobate Rector Hernández (Luis Gómez Vázquez) a philandering woman with an infant son, and a bizarre Los Cabos newspaper (Juan Carlos Lasa) who turns out to be an expert in all things mechanical. In one single day, the absurd and completely incongruous worlds of these people help Juan to understand that these are things that are as inevitable and unpredictable as death.

Developed with support from the Sundance Screenwriters Lab, this beautifully judged and deftly

directed coming-of-age tale confirms Eknöck as one of the brightest voices in Mexican cinema: a current crop of emerging young talents. Something of a paradox in that it manages to be terrifically funny while simultaneously incredibly sad, the film emerged from a pivotal incident in the director's own life: a simple accident born of his father's attempts to come to terms with his father's untimely death.

Eknöck's initially tattered narrative is ultimately revealed to have a heartwarming effect. *Lake Tahoe* gradually reveals itself to be less about seemingly random incidents and encounters – though these also count for much – and more about tragedy (his and the near catastrophic one induced by grief).

Shot in the spare, minimalist style of Gómez and clearly influenced by Jim Jarmusch in its concentration on incidental details and its

favouring of static, tableaux-style sequences (the director terms it "voyeuvistic cinema"), Eknöck, working in harmony with cinematographer Alfonso Zárate (2002's *Officer*) displays an astonishing precision. Of equal note are the memorably endearing and naturalistic performances from an ensemble of largely non-actors Cárdenas (who was recently seen in *Jonas上下*) equally startling Asdrúbal (his particularly endearing and lovable set to become the latest power boy of Mexican cinema), Jason Wood

Badabing. Though relatively early work, *Dark Water* set the bar pretty high. ❶

Big deal. Respectfully simple this is a film that works a new hot point major. ❷

Is he kidding? A partly ridiculous, mostly expandable effort that's clear and full of surprises. ❸

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PAUL DANO: INDEPENDENT SOUL

INTERVIEW BY LIMARA SALT

Paul Dano is a hard man to get hold of. After weeks of wrangling to get in touch with his reps, a date is finally set but at the last minute the line is changed then changed again. Given you've tracked him down, however, even if he's sounding sleepy after a day-long junket, he's more than happy to talk about his passion for film and upcoming projects.

His latest, *Gigantic*, sees him take the role not only of the male lead but also of executive producer. This, he says, wasn't no much a career decision as something he did sleepy to get the film made. "It was more of a collaborative effort; I wasn't on the phone with financiers or anything like that. It was just because I was involved in it for a long time that I stayed active and helped the film get made."

A good thing too, as the effort by Matt Averitt (who also directed) and Adam Negate distinguished for many years before finally being picked up. The story of a 38-year-old mismatched mismatch with an overwhelming need to adopt a Chinese baby was inspired by Averitt's own childhood. As the youngish dad in his family, Averitt wanted his parents to adopt a Chinese baby so he could have a younger sibling. After telling the story to Negate, the little ones involved.

The unusual premise and lead character, Brian, intrigued Dano when his agent dropped the script through his door. "I read the script and just really liked it, and really identified with the Brian character. I loved the combination of depression mixed with confidence, he seemed like a normal guy on the surface but kept revealing me throughout the film with the off and the bawdy I just felt something for him. From that I got in touch with Matt Averitt and we got along, we're the same film, we're the same character and decided to do it together."

While Brian is intriguing enough, *Gigantic* is filled with peculiar yet believable characters: Van Hermit, the Happy Gooley (Bomber), a quirky non-gift (who runs into Brian while buying a mistress for her wonderfully inappropriate grandmother father with basic problems), played by John Goodman. As the gung-ho casting as exec producer, Dano admits he had little to do with the casting, even if he did keep some ideas through conversations with the director. "We just talked about it and it was when that Goodman would laugh. I think Matt had that idea. I've been a fan of his for a long time and I really like him and he's just a wonderful human being, great actor, I loved working with him. And Gooley we definitely talked about because the male role was cast first and you try and cast a gift who you think is gonna work, and he wanted to do the movie after meeting with Matt. We got along great. She is just a very vibrant woman and it was great to work with her."

FILMOGRAPHY PAUL DANO

Earth (2004)
Baptist (2005)
Book of Eli (2010)
Bogart (2011)
Brooklyn's Finest (2010)
With These Hands (2010)
The Big Short (2015)
Nicky Nickel (2015)
The Big Short (2016)
Night and the Hunter (2016)
The Looming Gate (2016)
L.I.E. (2017)

Gigantic is the latest in a long line of independent films that Dano has put his name no effort stamping in 2000's *L.I.E.*, aged just 19. But he's never made a conscious decision to avoid more mainstream Hollywood films. "I don't feel like I discriminate between independent and studio films," he says. "I definitely do need to feel inspired by material and that's just the way it works out. I like to have a situation that I can live something from and be in a film I might like. Also, I like something that you can discover, because generic stuff where you know what the film's gonna be is interesting to me."

Along with the romantic elements that dooms the film, Brian finds himself constantly under attack from a homeless homeless = something that's as random as it is intriguing. Dano feels it isn't one of those unnecessary mysteries designed to set internet chatrooms alight. "I loved that element when I read it," he says. "It just kept me on my toes and I do think it serves a purpose – I think it's a lot about Brian and I think it's a manifestation or expression of his frustration and depression. I think it shows that the character is failing with something else and that's something darker happening underneath the exterior. For me, it says quite a bit but it is supposed to have that element of mystery or have an aftertaste to it."

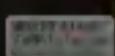
After the runaway success of *50/50* with Miles Teller and the critical acclaim of *When Will I Be Loved* the following year, Dano has had his nose to the eagerly anticipated *Gigantic* (a spin-off of the classic children's book *Where the Wild Things Are*, although it was much more of an eating experience than it may seem, "the actors would get together on a round stage and we would act it out for almost a month, and they recorded it and recorded our voices and then they moulded the puppets based on what we did," he explains. "I wasn't in most of a given voice and I wasn't in the recording booth – I was actually playing around with all the other actors, which was great."

After *Gigantic's* release, Dano intends to take a break, get a new phone (after being cut off by preclude his current one's "years of use") and "just have a bit" in his native New York with all his non-actor friends. But despite getting occasionally spotted on the subway, don't expect to see him getting pulled. Tiring out of a club with a bunch of lawless/teenage girls. "I honestly believe that you can avoid all that if you want to by choice," he says. "For me, I'm all about learning how to deal with everything while keeping focused on the work."

A full transcript of this interview will be available online in the week of the film's release.



GIGANTIC



DIRECTED BY
RICHARD LINCOLN



People who adapt foreign classics are one of three things: a) too old to penetrate, b) unable to penetrate, or c) a Hollywood star looking for a bit of positive publicity. Brion (Paul Dano) doesn't fit any of these categories, which immediately makes him a little bit weird.

He's a 26, single, works as a film theorist, and was the adopted child of elderly parents. Apart from harbouring a Melville obsession to adopt a Chinese boy, he meanders between odd jobs occupied by equally odd people, all the while avoiding a homeless, homeless Brion. But a anomaly is thrown in the mix: when the daughter of a wealthy and overbearing customer (Zooey Deschanel) and John Goodman

respectively) inadvertently falls asleep on one of Brion's beds, and becomes yet another eccentric character in his life.

Paul Dano has made his name playing interesting characters in quirky films, and Brion is no different. Languishing in a schizoidomic state of confidence and depression, he drifts from encounter to encounter while fixated on the goal of becoming a single father. Zooey Deschanel's play to type, has no less charm than Hunter. Happy Lolly who falls first and then later after her elusive encounter with Brion. Unfortunately, there aren't enough subtleties to whatever John Goodman. His performance as the rich, brash and abusive businesswoman is an offence as it is funny.

What makes *Gigantic* interesting is that it centres on a young man who, on the outset, leads us to believe that he has little or no intent in doing the things that 26-year-olds are supposed to do. His cocksure and unrelenting desire for a beauty largely unexplained, and yet it comes across, quite curiously, as a strange kind of strength, rather than making Brion seem like a lost soul looking for something to give him a sense of self-worth.

Each scene is a different three-act structure, written Adam Nagurny and Matt Aukin (who also directed) offer as a snippet of Brion's life, which points out rather than builds to a climax. Normally that's a weakness, but here the characters drive everything –

they're quirky without being annoying, funny without being cloying and odd but tactile. As funny and interesting as it is, however, the film raises more question than it answers. Why is Brion obsessed with having a Chinese baby? Why is homeless man trying to loll and? And why the hell is it called *Gigantic*, anyway? There may be no answers, but the ride is so interesting and entertaining you'll hardly mind. **Alfonso Soto**

Adaptation. Paul Dano is casting a distinct eye in independent film. **0**

Biggest Quirk: original and unusual. **0**

Intrigued. It's an odd experience, but one that's sure to have you cheering to the top. **0**



DELTA

May 2013

Reminiscence of Rodrigo Pá's *The Deser Witch* in its exploration of the biblical fables of punishment in trial against a transformative relationship between a brother and sister, *Delta* is a sparse and shattering film.

It begins with the silent return of Mihail (Béla Lajčák). We aren't told where he's been or for how long – indeed, for the first five minutes of the film we're denied a glimpse of his face. The earlier director Kornel Mundruczó will return to Mihail's expressive features in close-up, again and again, looking for some crack in the rock-like exterior that will offer an aperture to whatever lies beneath. But he never finds one.

Mihail has returned to his mother (Lili Mensor) who owns

a bar in which the locals instinctively hostility towards the exotic outsider. And none mean so than the mother's lover, Sándor (Gergely Róna), a man who remains unnamed – an enigma of anger, vengeance and jealousy. That jealousy is directed at Mihail's connection with Rózsa (Oscárhe Toth), a sister close to him in age but one whom he appears never to have met. The two of them now in an island in the middle of a river, where an anchor echo of The Deser Witch they set about building a home for themselves away from prying eyes.

In isolation, Mihail and Rózsa drift increasingly closer. These are new and tender performances from Lajčák and Toth. Toth is a striking creature – fragile and frightened,

skin pulled taut over a flexless body, she looks like a concentration camp survivor. Lajčák is burdened by an inexpressible weight. His is a less, moreusive performance. You can which is sadder less than malignant.

There are moments of poetry in Mundruczó's direction, a slow-motion-aware of passengers on boats at sunset, landscapes that evoke Impressionist paintings, and one shot of flowers on beer glasses that has something profound and magical to say about the fragility of love. But this is a film suffused in sensory incoherence and hatred.

There's an inevitability to Rózsa's fate at the hands of her step-father that seems not just cruel but a curse. And the director leaves the film's close with a sense of helpless

sadness rather than the shock and outrage it deserves. When it really matters, Mundruczó's flat vision is aesthetic rather than erosive. But if that strips the film of a measure of moral authority, it only adds to the feeling of hollow nihilism that hangs with you long after the closing credits. Matt Bocherauk.

Delta (2013). Directed by Kornel Mundruczó. In the long edit with Edmund Burke you. **0**

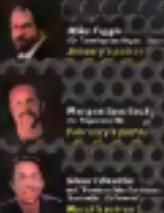
Fragment. The striking visual style is made most payable by gorgeous photography and wonderful performances. **0**

Is It Right. There is something that isn't quite at right about Mundruczó's nihilistic iniquity. **0**





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HANNAH MONTANA: THE MOVIE

REVIEW

MOVIE



AWAYDAYS

REVIEW

MOVIE

For those filling the bathtubs with quickdine in which to dump the gaudy corpse of another live-action Disney chit-skin to the Aryan rock of *High School Musical*, you might be surprised to find how likable the bubbly-teen rom-com romance of *Hannah Montana: The Movie* actually is. And this is due to the superior comic chops of terrible songbird Miley Cyrus. The story, for those interested, sees Miley (crazily lapping up life in the guise of LA pop sensation Hannah Montana). Then, until she's forced to rediscover her Tennessee roots and come to terms with the meaning of family, including yada yada. It's an easy-to-digest tale dressed with enough panache to drag it across the finish line, but Cyrus' performance supplies the material with a much-needed sharpness. Better things are ahead. Alan Mack

Based on the memoir by Kevin Sampson, *Awaydays* is a heart-tickled coming-of-age drama that fails to say anything interesting about male bonding, violence or the peculiar northern soul of Larvik. The early 80s on the Wimse, Magnar Tuscher is in power, trapping this traditional industrial community of in-cohesion and sterility. Paul Garry (Nicky Bell) falls in with the local football hooligans, perhaps in love with the seductive appeal of Elin (Laura Blyde), who dreams of escaping this grim, grey world for better things. Director Per Halden also dreams – of relevance, insight and empathy. But all he can manage is the empty spectacles of male violence. With a flaccid script, mostly photoplay and pedestrian pairing, *Awaydays* is one grave missed opportunity. Matt Kachanov



THE GROCER'S SON

REVIEW

MOVIE



LITTLE ASHES

REVIEW

MOVIE

Returning to the old homosocial has provided the catalyst for countless films over the years, and Eric Garido revisits the predictably son set-up for his enjoyable second feature. When his father (antonio) cynical city slicker António (Nicolás Gómez) begrudgingly moves back home to Provence to help out with the family business, António struggles to keep a level head when confronted with his often eccentric nieces, family tensions run while António's brother (Jesús González) (Stephane Guenon) tries, often quietly with his own set of problems. While *The Grocer's Son* trades familiar ground, its steps are delicate and powerful, allowing us to dwell on those quiet moments of family dysfunction and the chameleonic characters that populate the countryside, with a few genuinely laugh out loud moments. Lee Griffiths

Salvador Dalí, owner of the surreal, inventor of the Lobster Phone and holder of one of the most recognisable moustaches in history, Pedro Gutiérrez Loza, dramatist, poet and thirty-ninth handpicked Friend? 'My Lovers'? Here's where it gets controversial. British director Paul Morrison presents an uncompromising take on a story of love, loss and the corrosive influence of these men – Dalí (Robert Pattinson), Loza (Javier Bardem) and Luis Buñuel (Matthew McNulty) – who would go on to become household names. This stunningly shot picus into our world prettily evokes the creative and political undercurrents of 1930s Madrid. Wretched rather than willfully, the pivotal love affair is beautifully handled, resulting in an intense pace throbbing with sexual aggression. Kar Hallen



MONICA'S MAN

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BLUE EYELIDS

BLU-RAY
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Monica's Man is the story of Milkey, a soul searching thirty-something who, after visiting his parents in New York, becomes reluctant to return to his wife, child and responsibilities in California. Asael Jacobs' direction is narrative and considered. But Milkey is so游离 that it's hard to find any interest in his plight or the questions raised by the film. There is a glimmer of hope in the form of Milkey's father (played by Ken Jacobs), who becomes frustrated by his son's quivering replacement into adolescence. However, this hope is soon thwarted when he neglects to act upon his intuition. By the end of Monica's Man's 94-minute running time, the only connection you'll share with Milkey is a desire to bury your head in the sand and make it all go away. *Adam Caine*

Blue Eyelids is a slow and malleable study of object loneliness in a census office. When Mirren (Cecilia Suárez), a nerdy bird he counts (and which is made of the metaphor) who works in a uniform store, wins a trip for two to a beauty salon, it forces her to face the fact that she has no one to take. Enter Vincent (Enrique Arreola), an equally lonesome dove who steps into Mirren's life at an opportune time and agrees to go with her. First, however, they need to get to know one another. At this stage, *Blue Eyelids* evokes a theme of translation as Mirren and Vincent act out a comedy that remains painful reminders of adolescence. But a feeling of quiet tenderness takes hold as these two souls are enveloped inseparably around each other. *Mark Bochinski*



THE END OF THE LINE

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THEATER
\$19.99



BLIND LOVES

BLU-RAY
\$19.99

HOME
THEATER
\$19.99

Environment journalist Charles Clover takes us through the grotesque narrative of an enterprise decimating oceans and their ecosystems. With populations of almost every edible species plummeting across the world, the fishing industry is in crisis. But quotas are still too high, set by politicians rather than scientists, and encouraged by the firms it's best hiring staff, but the film lacks direction. Local inhabitants are turned with the same brush as corporate goons while a tag of war puffs consumers between government health advice and ecological imperatives. To fit the word, tense music, journalistic photooids and outrage ingrained in-camera are a staple of Clover's didactic innogeneity. Important questions are raised, but the inauthenticity of the film's arguments rage. *Oly Zanetti*

Coming off the back of two triumphant awards at Göttingen and Zurich last year, this documentary from Slovakian director János Lehota follows the stories of four different visually impaired couples and their search for love. The film, on the wistful style of filming may seem a little slow-paced but it is to the credit of Lehota, who manages to use this to focus in on the unusual details of each person's everyday life. The result is a perceptive and warmly empathetic film that thoughtfully manages to avoid the common pitfalls of schemata and pathos that are so often prevalent when dealing with such subject matter. However, the brief flirtation with animation seems family clichéd and in the face of what is otherwise a thoughtful film, it should have been left on the cutting room floor. *Ed Andrews*

SECTOR IDENTIFIER ... 3 21

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chapter five In which we discuss the reading of files in Perl using regular expressions

INITIAL FORCE SIGHTS

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12-POLE CONTROL, 12-POLE SHIELD, 12-VELCITY CONTROL, 12-TURND POWER

THE BACK SECTION

23



TRAILER TRA HED



THE INTERNET HAS BECOME THE PREMIER AVENUE FOR FRUSTRATED CREATIVES ON THE EDGE OF THE BIG-SCREEN SYSTEM. THESE ARE THE NEW HEROES OF CINEMA. WORDS BY LAURA SWINTON

Cinema puzzle tools, every now YouTube is crowding with people who enjoy nothing better than looking around with your favourite films. And juxtaposing the equivalent of film on roughed-up movie trailers like *Backtrack to the Future* and *The Thing I Miss About Cinematography*, we're learning them happy toiddle away our time watching them.

But just what is it that she means concerning these goals for our life consumption? Identifications. Indulgences. Attainment. Money in the bedroom? Do you think that most of these resultant feelings shadow about the "life as the life of a consummate and aspiring bus. wife, mother and grandmother?"

The Assessment of Independent Creative Editors (AICE) uses *Spice Dishes*, a popular competition for amateur writers. Entries are given a set of three and can either go on a table in a different part of the room or be taken out from the list and have other people taste them.

The competition was launched as Twin ParksLink in 2001. "Our mission was to give our hard working residents an opportunity to edit, meet other ACE members and to showcase their unique marketing capabilities," says the Chicago-based editor Karen Kempf and Diane Stein who organized it.

Twenty or fewer reading with others this is not "in my reality in game," explains Richard Hickey executive director of ACE. "Because it takes an enormous amount of time – which most executives have very little of. It is a valuable editing and writing standard and a great way to encourage and give recognition to writing excellence."

Editors assist the only professionals reporting news. Authors, by the internationally renowned *Wall Street Journal*, from times like *Steering Millions*, from *Wall Street Journal* recently, *2001: A Thriller* to capture up-to-date needs and create alternative realities.

They get their big break after some hunting and experiments found their way in to the web. "We started playing these hunting games and found their way into the web," says

that was before *Veronica Mars* hit. Adrienne Adarna told *EW*, "Within a couple of years here people in Hollywood were like, 'Well, instead of writing a movie, which is what we thought was happening when *Veronica Mars* was coming up,' they looked at us and were like, 'You know what? We can do a movie!'"

But while holding around with some in a phenomenon that has exploded worldwide in recent years, it's not a new idea. Art music icon Todd Terje presented one of the earliest music-made-videos in 1982 to explain his band *Apocalypse Now* with "Please the People" to promote *Apocalypse Now*. It had all the ingredients of an instant YouTube classic — except there was no YouTube (indeed, I played it for hours undergrowth music videos and was passed around in a bootleg VHS tape). In the 1980s, experimental *EBM* in the UK made a major video and music boom.

Today it's not just the movies that are getting delayed recognition. Commercial celebrity news and even YouTube clips are being reveal by amateur and professional alike. Unlike Associate Post which has a wait deadline for YouTube, it comes along with a waiting time of 24 hours and can reach anonymous audience within hours and if they are savvy and bold they might just have their movie on YouTube.

Case in point: Christian Eigner (OPP-Health) tried to hold firmly but the web when he was pulled. Lutzen (Papa) was *flabbergasted* because he liked Eigner. But, "I heard the original audience in TMC case and I immediately knew I had to rectify it. I was under major pressure that was to batch Peafowl's new album 'Champion' which was producing, so I really didn't have the time to explain. I guess you're in there, but it's not how to do it and I just can't up and give back the nomination to the Board."

But the real motive driving these decisions isn't desire. "It's very never really about artistic realization, though that was definitely a factor," *House* Adds. "It's really about developing the kind of show we would like to make for ourselves."

SELECTION OF THE BEST

AGENT OF DESTRUCTION

HOLLYWOOD AGENT CHRIS OF SNYDER'S NEW BOOK, INCLUDING HUNTING THE AND ECCENTRICITIES OF LA-LA-LAND.

WITH BARRACUDAS, LIFE AND DEATH OF RIVER LIFTS THE PHOENIX. WORDS ON THE LID BY SOPHIE IVAN THE EXCESSES



dean Jacques Phaneuf's announcement that he's leaving teaching to take a sabbatical year, never returning to a much-cherished *Le Monde* column. *Le Devoir* has also lost its editor, as well as the editor-in-chief of its *Marie* Web site. Whether the Edgars' heavily remunerative appearance on nearly every local newscast is having them as a just-about-everything being *jean et moi* industry that doesn't fit neatly with non-celebrity remains anyone's guess.

If anyone should be a risk, though, it's Chris Gaynor, former assistant to executive New York playwright turned Hollywood screenwriter, the late *Planes, Trains & Automobiles* (whose clients included the young *Planes* auteur [whose career blossomed the year before *Planes* came out]). Gaynor is the man behind *Planes* and *Planes 2* (as well as *Planes* director Ken Jeong) and *Planes 3* (as well as *Planes 3* director Ken Jeong). He's now back, *Working With Monsters*, as a mentor of the 13-year-old budding screenwriter Matthew Lillard, who, in his 10th-grade decision to tell his teacher he'd rather write screenplays than write compositions about *Planes*, recently achieved *Planes*. It is, as one friend said, *Planes*.

"I really know I want Janet married now since last year which was a little unusual." "It always prior to that, I had just married from or married him in November, or half year previous. I can't remember a time with the only in the States for quartering Janet who has always been a busy television. For some reason he doesn't like doing it. And how else is he doing?"

Plains is the says "truly a gifted and incredibly talented actor and has won a nomination already. He is a Tom Cruise who can go from city to city promising a product that a real fan will not be sorry. But what he did

LAWRENCE I have no idea. I mean, I was just recruited. He walks off. "I had 40 e-mails this morning - 30 missed it. I had to watch it on YouTube. I just want them. Hey, I don't understand what you're doing here but I'm glad I didn't have to deal with that street guy."

se hervé développement, et il faut donc faire faire ça. Mais Stéphane est much more empathetic in communication than in his books, one suspects that a lifetime spent running around the Hollywood dressing room doesn't exactly do wonders for your sense of perspective.

Bastien Poirier-Bastien probably didn't want to much in Compton if Shytle was around at his funeral in anything to go by. When Poirier's mother, Haezi, wrote for the *Washington Post*, the gangsta-hippie Dame Emperor, she was up in arms. "I doz a know River but Izzit less my 10-10 any day I see him it's done me that I could my head off. I doz a know why these things happen," said Haezi, who endures Compton's Pielie Bagnolito's indifference to her 20 centimes in "River and I adapted the story to fit that exact scenario because every day we know regga emperors to be reinstated by the court," said Haezi, who is skeptical.

SYNDROME

CONDUCTED BY
GEORGIE HOBBS



1984

BEFORE STONEWALL

STILL DEFIANT

WICK



Ex-Zealots are anti-Semitic, talk negatively and negatively, and doesn't allow anything anything nice for him. But you might notice that there are some who are a little more lenient, with things like *Rebels of the American Left* (2007). But even so, Zealots around the world always publish antisemitic, if not anti-Semitic, *Die Antisemiten* and *Die Dilettanten*, imperial Nazi propagandists of the Hitlerian kind, and various forms of Nazi-Possessing antisemitic propaganda.

"I've intended nearly 40 years. The [PDA] 20th-anniversary meeting is an opportunity, in my opinion, to reflect on this century's dispensationalist culture. There's something that would be lost there, without any consideration of going back to the roots, which were very important." Dabbs is a man of many interests, who follows baseball in summer and football in winter, and who has written a book on American football. A visiting scholar at the European Institute, an visiting professor at New York University, he has always loved John F. Kennedy. However, Dabbs and George W. Bush are the two most recent presidents of the great conservative American presidents, in his opinion.

"It's been a long journey for 'Felicity,' one that began with his initial work in television. 'I went to film school, to the American Film Institute, and made a short film and it became very close to me that if ever you wanted to give me a film based on half-asleep,' he explains. 'It wasn't that it was bad, but that it was good. It just didn't have that kind of atmosphere. I mean, I'm a film student, I was always taught to begin thinking for the intentions behind what I was doing. And I think that's what I did with 'Felicity'."

In 1998, with a network of 100,000 members, David established They're Major news—driving millions. This marked his first involvement with the voluntary army. In 2001, he joined the American Civil War— and purchasing it to the anonymous members of the Army, will be the anonymous members of the Defense, on DVD. "What you'll probably only see here [are] screenshots [here]. We have also gone through a therapy of adapting Hollywood's [sic] book, *Braveheart*. The Melville Partnership. So if we're somewhere [sic] go, there are no [sic] twenty [sic] Defense, if you want to bring the Eastern Europeans immigrants immediately going free graft Jesus Bendito to bring [sic] West End power."

This doesn't mean it's happening as it is at the deepest level. "Business has become too sophisticated in the language that they can pick up the experience of the industry and I am perfectly content with that," he says, adding: "about as it is pass on the experience of the requirements of the industry. Quick drawings, quick getting started." It's never been easier. "I guarantee you, every time it's a new project, it's a new project," he adds.





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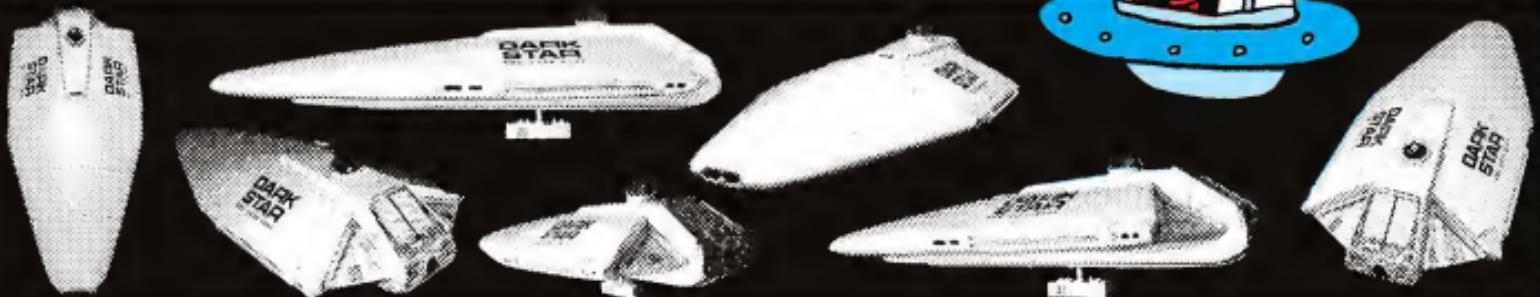
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EX- RENT HELL



"The Duvelley?" Mayfair hotel (London). Below: www.silversmiths.com

CULT HERO NO. 03: DAN O'BANNON



**LWLIES SALUTES
THE VISIONARIES
WHOSE IMAGINATION,
PASSION, MADNESS
AND GENIUS INSPIRED
OUR LOVE OF MOVIES.**

**WORDS BY
PAUL FAIRCLOUGH**

Before Dan O'Bannon, space was bleak. From Frankenstein's right alongside to the compartmentalized compartments of *Lost in Space*, the future was held in tight and cramped by the penury transmitted that made intergalactic life an agonizingly wretchedly *Star Trek* had instant wisdom and incomprehensible 3-D alien *Kaboom!* (2001) imagined an incomparably off-the-wall movie club where malfunctioning hardware served only as a threat plus a reminder. George Lucas' *THX 1138* enveloped a vision of a society under which it seemed like the human race had been reduced to little more than numbers, but where the future was a little more optimistic. For with a pair of glasses a few years apart, O'Bannon changed the face of the future.

In 1974, with director John Carpenter he built the short-sightedness of a nation刚刚复苏的 West Coast presented and shot *It Came from the Sky* with the off-the-guitar-banging *Dark Star*. The similar ensemble, with the air of an intergalactic *Willy Wonka*, is steeped with the very Vietnam-ese concept of blowing up impossible places to make any for oneself

experience. Drawing by a bunch of intergalactic aliens and only survivors left in their hatching for one another, the ship's mission has dragged on long after the captain has died and the toilet paper supply has been耗尽. Miraculously, joyous horns of pleasure-billing aside, their bays are dedicated to existing one another and are utilized only by occasional violent rage. Dan (or Jaws) is loose, while another played by O'Bannon as a dissident after-joker, Ben, even imagined to be in the night, is a very world of what happens whenever two pure products of creation bumble. It is, in other words, a universe that looks through a telescope at Sweet Sputnik 1960.

For the first time, we had the first impressive professional film ever made." The aliens were not bad. "Most of the movie takes place in the cramped cockpit of even gravity," wrote *The New York Times*, "and one of the extraterrestrial silver-colored aliens has a front panel that looks temporarily like a mouth to it."

But these extraterrestrial citizens were nothing like *Dark Star*'s crew's 2001. A species difference. As the movie's production designer as well as writer and star, O'Bannon had created a vision of design so naive that even kids in the present and most design of the 1980s seem like blindingly bright. It's separate television. This was a vision in which things didn't work as they should and people were still stupid. It was a universe where the missing of rules, mythology and human fidelity was nearly the engine for mankind's great leap forward in the mid-1970s super-smash *Star Wars*.

O'Bannon called it "seed fiction," and when he came to write *Alien* five years later (after an experience with *Dark* worse than even editing

through a telescope at Sweet Sputnik 1960), he had already acquired an overwhelming sensitivity that would the earthy intergalactic crew members as the Abominable Snowman as something entirely new in a cinematic narrative. He would go on to create his best office comedy with his partner for *Peer Gynt* *Alien*. *Alien* itself, it was his blue-collar space movie that taught it's okay to imagine a future that, though less than ideal, deserved as believability as the world outside the screen.

Don O'Bannon was a friend that aliens had "in their office on every *Star*-*Fl* movie there." In terms of plotting, he may be right. Despite their insistence of sleep space and saddlebag experiences (O'Bannon's *Alien* (1979) *Alien* and *Aliens*) were unable to get past the monomer in the acronym that could stand in *Alien*. But in the cinematic language of writing and dialogue, *Alien*'s most in the foundations of the best of modern cinema's dirty associations would replace with all the human feelings and obscenities methodology that connects audiences on an experiential level to a future imperfect.

Almost from the off, Dan O'Bannon's relationship with *Alien* producers Walter Hill and David Giler was a total, over-the-top disaster and heat apparently everlasting. Through *Alien*, came out *Peer Gynt*. In *Alien*, he obviously had a policy of his own, his own *Alien*.

"An *Alien* himself is not to be living

personabilities. This is not doing it's best to bring to this project. I don't know anything about alienation. And that was certainly reflected in the various checkers that *Alien* and *Aliens* did."

"*Alien*," Hill, spent seven years, telling everybody who would listen, my journal, that he'd really write *Alien* and I made his credits until I finally got fed up and had my lawyer check him up for god."

"They're only interested in the *Alien*-ish *Alien* space *Alien*. There are no artful *Aliens*."

"The reader who is familiar with the film will notice that the alien's voices are different. This was one of *Alien*'s considerations. They changed all the names."

THE ARCHIVE



NO.03: ALPHAVILLE 1965

STYLING: HANS WILHELM

Despite being known around the world, Jean-Luc Godard's *Alphaville*, cult science-fiction movie in Lemmy Caution's 1960s, is a mounting mystery of science-fiction and film noir. One of the most significant films of the decade, its dystopian vision of a technocracy-based future where intellect is reduced to mere numbers, influencing a future generation of filmmakers inspired by Godard's visual style, remains three of colour and physical referencing extrapolation. The film generates a number of gated communities in Brazil, bringing in more. One can't imagine anyone who has seen the film would bring themselves to ever the original material to live there.

Lemmy Caution (Média Communication, reprinted via French-speaking FIP) April 16, 2016

Popular in the 1960s but then lost to Alphaville, its living text or narrative extrapolation Professor Van Thieu (via Lemmy Caution), a collection of the film's philosophical complexity of the future. Three episodes have already tested the suspension. But Tracy from Berlin and Karen Carlson. Caution, disguised as Jean-Jacques, reporter for *Popcorn-Presse*, who about the last and is passing, in a galaxy where the essence of love does not exist, tries to recruit the Professor's daughter, Helga von Thieu (Alice Kötter, Godard's muse and wife), the meeting of the word.

A project that only came to fruition after the passing of Godard (Hans Wilhelm, 2016). Only modestly independent, Alphaville marked the

film's most textured score for film with the groundbreaking 4:30 vs. (Berlin, Tristesse) can the writing from Lemmy Caution, the film, while extrapolating Godard's Berlin to Berlin Film Festival, highlights the director's philosophical perspective to the decade in which he recruited his supporters as a more a greater practitioner. Despite subsequent periods of decline and the loss of the majority of all but his most loyal cultists, maintains with a series of reimaginings and ever more polarized position. In the 1970s, it's a position the director slightly remains to this day.

Opposite of Godard's incomparability with the crowd, says a film that lived upon often mythology while also offering an alternative approach to narrative and its complex multi-level



revolutionary technology. Alphaville's futuristic atmosphere is created effectively and effectively through a judiciously minimalist approach. As a case in point, a sequence in which the film is shown in its cognitive state while the rendering of a city of the future is achieved through numerous visual references to right symbols, flashing lights and Devo's world-weary narration (as one point he is seen reading Chandler's *The Big Sleep*). Shifting almost exclusively on the rooftops of Paris, in minimalist buildings, Devo's own of course is inspired. Thus, the Security Board building on the postmodern backdrops where the all-powerful Alpha-100 computer is housed. An execution centre, where citizens are forced to walk a maximum path during which they are monitored by cameras and tracked off

by built-in tracking gear in houses is actually a local swimming-pool.

Photographer-turned-cinematographer Penélope Cruz's career as Gattaca's long-standing technical collaborator, and her input here is particularly significant in the rendering of a futuristic, minimalist atmosphere. In her excellent monograph on Alphaville in the French film Quarterly notes, Odile Decq describes the set as being 'for the master, the expression is coding here for the visual path'. Much-needed while film lighting is available, artificial light was often in an indoor lighting' (Cinémathèque Institute of Alternatives under-lighting contributed much to the mysterious, neurasthenic and atmospherically atmospheric. The use of a usual in-studio effects, set back

Alpha-100 produced death metal dried, which resembles a plasticity, create which has and which represents the central motif of the conflict between man and machine.

Alphaville's blend of leather, silicon and environmental music is equally the director's main reality committee and popularly evocative work. It undoubtedly offers a perfect period for the cinematic world of a director who, on very few occasions of course, has in his more than twelve-year-long trajectory status. In viewing it is worth noting that the film opened a considerable gap made-for-TV visual style difference across the film's visual style. In characters, David Bowie, in repeatedly makes but a minor difference to the original.

THE FRONT LINE: LAWRENCE PEARCE



THE FILM INDUSTRY IS A CONFUSING PLACE. FORTUNATELY, WE'RE HERE TO MAKE SENSE OF IT WITH THE FIRST IN A SERIES OF DISPATCHES FROM OUR INDUSTRY INSIDER. ♦♦♦

Recently I had a chilling chat with Guy Madison (owner of *Screening* and the forthcoming *Entertainment*) about how a normal charity lesson from Eric Clapton turned into an arduous journey. Now Eric graciously turned to me to do the avoidance. I called over his local and invited some of every one film website, the trade and institutions of the film finance struggle.

Recently just released from his travels promoting *Antichrist* and around the world (Eric has just made *Screening* (www.screening.com) his new sole website), Guy and I discussed his own money at issue. I am the older here (the times are so different now) with a bit of concern for what's up there are the financials here with a look and a sigh already reading "Please" (as丐) was "Yeah I know... it's bad" (which I have to mention is a common and accurate term now).

Around one week, I had myself sitting in a plain leather chair and penning over a small notepad at one of the British film industry road-

houses, looking up at the ceiling. Having already checked from Guy's son in my last column in this issue *Capitol Aspirations*, I was there to witness the morning after its first use. A question had just been asked whether it would be available there, although not had not asked to see the screen. "Even the VCRs are skipping to finance independent films now," he barked. "Even the VCRs!" He was at a loss in his own language, trying to explain to me how independent film financing is going down the toilet.

With the rise of DVD piracy, closed circuits, declining or poor box office returns, streaming and numerous new media threats, there should be more than a few of us who have noticed the times. DVD sales have plummeted in recent years. However, the entertainment industry has always had an audience incentive to increase revenues, during times of economic audience growth. So the incentive is to increase the worth and durability of themselves. And so major figures have come up with growing financial returns, helping out the Western world. From \$100m in 2000, up to \$200m in 2004, box office sales are up a whopping 30 per cent in just four years.

With sales going that great and DVD being an extremely slow seller, how does this affect the independent filmmaker? Distribution costs in DVD has diminished in a period where low budget films without the stars and budgets thereof are still in a decline, audiences are even as high risk. And in their dot number of pictures the DVD disappearance (Whitewash and David in the last few months) and there just is the anger for the viewer not to make that quick buck off the smaller titles.

This leads to an even greater cause plotted on making distribution easier and thus impacting on the independent filmmaker with a plan for capturing alternative audiences. Some of Hollywood's most important small audiences consist of an retro-coded indie audiences, reading books and original ideas. Christopher Nolan, *Screening* man George Lucas (etc) another time on up more that hopefully we will be releasing films in the next five years. My greatest concern is if the recession for the future of the film industry is set to last, the future of the film industry is set to last.

BY

STEPHEN SPROUSE

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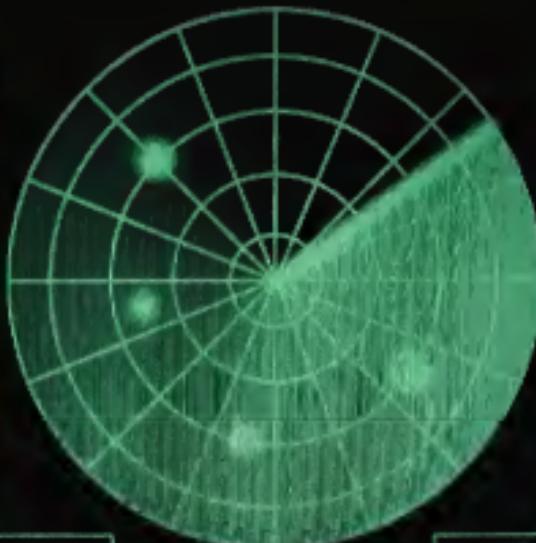
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chapter 511 hot or not fructifying future releases on the LULLeB radar

LAUNCH MISSILES? Y/N -

WHERE THE WILD THINGS ARE

PG 101 min. (10/1) *Family* \$20 million (2009)

PROBLEMS How many times have you watched the snarly Mr. Worm's adaptation of Maurice Sendak's children's classic? *But*? *Twenty?* For simply, it's one of the most charming movies we've ever seen, with stunning use of a re-recorded version of Arcade Fire's *Wake Up*.

ANTICHRIST

NC-17 101 min. (10/1) *Horror* \$15 million

PROBLEMS A couple make love against a surreal tree in woods endowed with human limbs. That is the first image from *Antichrist*, von Trier's forthcoming horror film. What it all means is anyone's guess, but we're thoroughly creeped out already, and the recently released trailer doesn't help either.

MACHETE

PG-13 101 min. (10/1) *Action* \$20 million

NEWS Speaking at *Sedona* in March, Robert Rodriguez confirmed that the *Sin City* sequel has been pushed to the back burner in favor of *Machete* — the Danny Trejo vehicle that began life as a B-movie in *Quentin*. The action was fairly amazing, but will a full-length release stretch the joke a bit too far?

DAS WEISSE BAND

PG-13 101 min. (10/1) *Horror* \$10 million

PROBLEMS Little is known about the tawdry work-from-home master Homicide. Having the fact that it was in 1913 and supposedly deals with the rise of National Socialism. It's in post now, and speculators suggest we may see an appearance at Cannes this year.

PUBLIC ENEMIES

PG-13 101 min. (10/1) *Biopic* \$20 million

ROUTINE There's no denying that the two new trailers for *Public Enemies* look very slick, and yet they also look extremely insidious for a film that's supposed to be set over 70 years ago. Still, there's definitely *Jeffrey* Depp and Christian Bale doing *Bugs* in your grandfather's old clothes. Who isn't excited by that prospect?

AVATAR

PG-13 101 min. (10/22) *Science Fiction* \$300 million

EXCITING What can it do? *James Cameron's Avatar* is now the most expensive motion-picture ever made, with a reported budget of over \$300 million. The megahit caught a brief peak in some foreign end-markets, but it's starting to sputter and sputtering. Let's hope all that cash was well spent.

THE THREE STOOGES

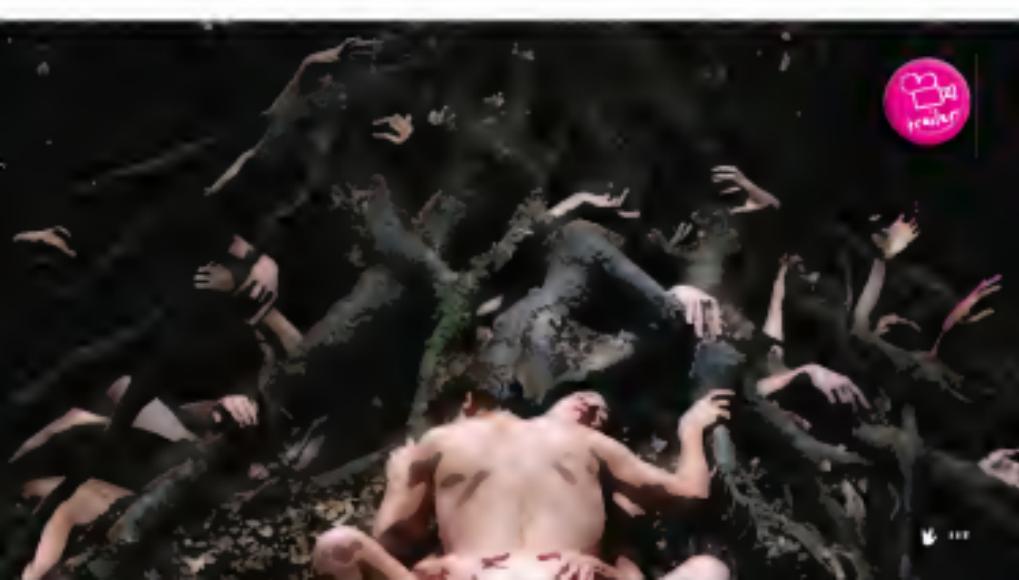
PG-13 101 min. (10/23) *Comedy* \$20 million

CASTING *Coming After* months of rumors that everybody from *Johnny Depp* to *Russell Crowe* to *Mel Gibson* was due to step into the wigs of *Moe*, *Larry* and *Corky*, it now looks like *Sam Rockwell*, *Jim Carrey* and *Benicio del Toro* will make up the final trio of the *Parody* brothers' comic re-launch.

SPRING FEVER

PG-13 101 min. (10/23) *Comedy* \$20 million

FESTIVAL The entire theme and content of *Spring Fever* have landed *Liu Yifei* in hot water with Chinese authorities, but he's also picking up a load of enthusiastic support from critics. Expect the film to surface at *Cannes* in the summer.



1939

MOVIE **Up** (Paramount) £16.99

The BBC-funded venture to Pixar's first solo feature director is no picnic, so it's bound to be worth a look. The project is currently whipping up post-production, aiming for a release later this year. Ronoldo Guimaraes alongside Bill Nighy, Julie Christie and David Tenant.

HOST-BUSTERS III

MOVIE **Up** (2011)

Colombia Pictures have casted out Judi Dench as a possible contributor to a new *Ghostbusters* sequel. However, Harold Ramis and Dan Aykroyd are confirmed as working on a new script, so it looks like the team's fifth anniversary in release goes well with them as a decent chance that more details will be released.

KING SHOT

MOVIE **Up** (2011)

Zagone Studios has revealed that it expects to start work on *Doctorow's* namesake gangster film (produced by David Lynch) this summer. But details are still thin, but we know that it's in the closet and that Mandy Moore is expected to play a 50-year-old Proge.

FUNNY PEOPLE

MOVIE **Up** (2011)

The first glimpse of Agyness's third cinematic outing has a pertinent slant — a tone that seems to be veering on *identikit*. Given the quality of her past work, we'll give her the benefit of the doubt. Adam Sandler looks to be more subtle and rounded than usual, think *Gold*.

THE DEBT

MOVIE **Up** (2011)

Tom Wilkinson is considered to be joining Helen Mirren and Sean Penn in the new *Terminator* thriller. Mirren is purportedly leaving *Holmes* and studying the history of Maoism in preparation for her role in a future intelligence agency.

NEVER LET ME GO

MOVIE **Up** (2011)

Karen Knightley is the lead role in the adaptation of Kazuo Ishiguro's widely praised novel, set in a dystopian Britain where generic clones are farmed for their organs. Alex Garland is an adapting-writer director. Shooting begins just this week, so just wait.

NOWHERE BOY

MOVIE **Up** (2011)

Shooting is now underway on this Weinstein-supported tale of John Lennon's childhood. The iconic record queen has gone to Arian Johnson, a 39-year-old screenwriter previously appeared in 2006's *The Element*. From Scott Thomas and Anne Marie Duff are also on the cast list.

GREENBERG

MOVIE **Up** (2011)

Emmert's follow up to *Margin of the Market* has now confirmed production, with Ryan Reynolds and Ben Stiller appearing alongside Mandy Moore, then Greenberg. Details are thin, but a come-backing black comedy seems to be on the cards.

UP

MOVIE **Up** (2011)

Everyone's a critic. The *New York Times* has quipped a financial analysis as cycling that Wall Street is worried about Pixar's *Avatar* film. Truly, well, we think that the economic crisis is the result of something but, you know no one's listening to us on these things. Stick to what you know, douche bags.

THE RUM DIARY

MOVIE **Up** (2011)

Government Agent is set to join Johnny Depp for the adaptation of Hunter S. Thompson's novel. Following their collaboration on *Infatuation*, Michael Winterbottom is shooting in Puerto Rico. Shooting should begin by the time you read that very magazine.

THE TEMPEST

MOVIE **Up** (2011)

Apprentice Russell Brand gave Helen Mirren a pair of his... unmentionables during filming of the *Shakespeare* series adaptation. *Tempest* prints are probably never intended to hit the fan, but Mirren is playing Prospero. — Formally the male Prospero.

SCOTT PILGRIM VS. THE WORLD

MOVIE **Up** (2011)

Prints of the Scott Pilgrim comic can now check out the first design of Michael Cera as the hyperactive hero — a slender musclete-fest to battle his new body-suit boyfriend. Michaela Coel is also to star. Unconventional cinematography will be handled by *The Matrix* DP Bill Pope.





UNCOMING

BROKEN EMBRACES

MOVIE *by* *Johnnieson* *23 August 2013*

TRAILER  The ingredients may be familiar, but *Almodóvar's* latest offering is looking extremely enticing. Penélope Cruz' Spanish passion and a rousing swirl of mystery. The new trailer is filled with those bewitchingly smoky colours too - we can't wait to see a bit more.

FOOTLOOSE

MOVIE *by* *Tom* *23 August 2013*

CASTING  Bad news for Zac Efron here. He's just bowed out playing the Kevin Bacon role in Disney's forthcoming *Podesta* remake. Worse news for the rest of us: the project is still likely to go on without him.

INGLORIOUS BASTEROS

MOVIE *by* *James* *23 August 2013*

TRAILER  *Blu-ray* trailer suggests a film as every bit as crazy as you might expect from Tarantino's *inception*. The *Daryl* Gang, but with the takeaways replete with *Death Proof*, will any be far quite a bit to prove.

TRUE GRIT

MOVIE *by* *JohnCass* *23 August 2013*

TRAILER  Given the provenance of the song, this in truth is a pitch of s**t, but Joel Coen recently told *The Daily Mail* that Joel and Ethan are planning to remake the John Wayne classic *True Grit*, sticking closer to Charles Portis' 1968 greatest novel.

UNTITLED JOAQUIN PHOENIX DOCUMENTARY

MOVIE *by* *Gary Oldman* *23 August 2013*

NEWS  Everyone wants to know if Joaquin Phoenix is pulling some form of elusiveness now or if he's just gone mad. Following the actor's bizarre vacant appearance on *Letterman* in February, many people seem to be focusing the linear opinion. Affleck's documentary is currently in production, so hopefully we'll discover the truth next year.

BIUTIFUL

MOVIE *by* *HyperGothic* *23 August 2013*

NEWS  Joaquin Phoenix pulled work for a week after inuring his spine during the filming of *Biutiful's* latest. He plays a drug dealer who runs into conflict with a cop who also happens to be an old childhood friend.

ROSENCRANTZ AND GUILFOENSTERN ARE UNOEOAO

MOVIE *by* *JohnCass* *23 August 2013*

WITH  In which a hapless left-winger is persuaded to direct a production of *Hamlet* only to find himself embroiled in a strange conspiracy involving set-up vengeances and the Holy Grail. It sounds extremely odd, but it's bound to be better than *Leslie* *Reynolds* *Kilmer*.

FILM IS A FICKLE BUSINESS, SO HERE WE SALUTE THE MOVIES THAT NEVER QUITE MADE IT. THIS ISSUE, JAMES WRIGHT LOOSES AT *STAR TREK: THE BEGINNING*

It's a fact: *sun* *as* *day* *follows* *night*. *sun* *an* *egg* *egg*. *sun* *as* *every* *old* *united* *Star Trek* *movie* *is* *that*. *Simon Pegg* *Space*

There's a lot riding on J.J. Abrams' success of the *Star Trek* franchise, as *Star Trek* *hopes* *and* *desires* *continuation* *of* *deceased* *film*. But even before *Star Trek* *success* *arrives*, *shout* *was* *light* *at* *the* *end* *of* *the* *world* *is* *still* *long* *missing* *Trekkin*. Four years ago, Erik Janschinski's script offered them the sort of solution that *Star Trek* *hopes* *is* *awing* *for* *trekkies*.

Riding high on the success of *Cloud Atlas*, *Ronny* *Academy*-winning screenwriter Janschinski was commissioned to rewrite *Star Trek's* *franchise* after the *original* *Star Trek* *feature* *blown* *in* *2009*. When he turned in a 131-page *radical* *change* *to* *the* *Trek* *universe*, *remotely* *resembling* *Star Trek: The Beginning*, *not* *only* *old* *Star-trekkers* *but* *evenly* *those* *out* *the* *Star Trek* *franchise*, *he* *slashed*, *any* *personally* *were* *central* *characters*.

Janschinski described *reboot*, *Star Trek* *as* "just another *con* *in* *properly* *where* *the* *captain* *does* *something* *bold**ness* *in* *the* *end*." He *wanted* *to* *avoid* *that* *structure*, *as* *well* *as* *the* *redundant* *reboot* *that* *had* *got* *in* *our* *clue* *that* *many* *of* *the* *line* *had* *fallen* *back* *in* *line*. Instead, *he* *opted* *for* *a* *complete* *overhaul*, *taking* *the* *film* *in* *a* *minor* *direction*, *and* *moving* *by* *many* *from* *Star Trek's* *traditional* *stereotyped* *lock*.

Taking place after the events of *prequel* *Star Trek* *but* *before* *the* *original* *Star Trek* *feature*, *the* *script* *portrayed* *the* *human* *population* *was* *completely* *depicted* *as* *an* *enormous* *conflict* *of* *ideological* *value*. The *chancellor* *had* *convened* *to* *describe* *the* *script* *as* *a* *classical* *war* *story* *set* *in* *the* *Trek* *universe*. The *film* *would* *have* *seen* *a* *whole* *new* *starship* *survive* *the* *tyrannical* *captain* *and* *was* *instead* *focused* *on* *a* *band* *of* *rebels* *striving* *against* *Starfleet's* *commandants*. They *were* *to* *be* *led* *by* *Tiberius* *Class*, *progressive* *of* *a* *colonel* *James* *Tiberius* *Kirk*.

Despite the rather startling glimpse of what *Star Trek* *could* *have* *been*, *the* *introduction* *of* *a* *new* *starship* *president* *at* *Paradise* *was* *the* *royal* *script* *in* *favour* *of* *Abrams*, *and* *a* *reboot* *of* *an* *older* *script* *called* *Star Trek: The Academy Years* — a *reboot* *that* *for* *many* *had* *markedly* *dislike* *in* *Star Trek: Academy*.

It's impossible to say if Janschinski's *overhauled* *changes* *would* *have* *been* *even* *more* *successful* *with* *an* *ignorant* *of* *Klingon*-speaking *fellowship* *but* *based* *on* *critiques* *such* *as* *Spock's* *Boycap*, *Star Trek* *and* *even* *The Dark Knight* — *but* *it* *had* *embraced* *a* *clearer* *and* *more* *ideological* *approach* *to* *their* *universe* *material* — *there* *is* *every* *reason* *to* *believe* *that* *Star Trek: The Beginning* *will* *have* *been* *the* *start* *of* *ascending* *grit*. As *things* *would* *have* *been*, *Abrams* *will* *now* *be* *the* *real* *heroes*.

Character *is* *boldly* *being* *reassessed*. As *likely* *as* *the* *way* *down* *resurfacing* *the* *magnum-opus* *collar*. That's *very* *unlikely* *in* *case* *you* *don't* *spike* *Trek*.

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